

SCREENLAND

July
15c

Maureen
O'Hara

fe^m with *Guy Madison* ★ *Van Johnson* in Color

Where Beauty "reigns"

**No other shampoo leaves your
hair so lustrous, yet
so easy to manage**



PN 1993
.S35

It's SHINING BRIGHT! It's beautifully behaved! It's Drene-lovely hair! Yes, you bring out all the natural beauty of your hair, all its alluring highlights... when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"I always use Drene," says glamorous fashion model and Cover Girl Lisa Fonssagrives, "because it reveals far more sheen than any soap or soap shampoo." As much as 33 percent more lustre! Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dulling film on your hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you use Drene, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Here you see Lisa at the shore with her gleaming hair in a practical, fetching topknot. Below she shows you another favorite hair-do you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use the wonderful improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ AT THE SUMMER PLAYHOUSE, you're the evening's star with lovely, lustrous hair. "This dramatic hair-do is so easy to fix," Lisa says, "right after shampooing with Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Just comb all hair back to point below crown, tie firmly and for three large buns. Don't forget the rosebud!



Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action

Hey, Sugar... don't
make a mis-step now!



Your bath took care of the past—
but for future freshness,
make Mum your next step

OUT OF YOUR TUB and into your clothes—you're off to a fresh new start. But wait! What are you doing to give that bath-freshness a *future*?

Remember, after your bath washes away *past* perspiration, you still need to guard against risk of underarm odor *to come*. A risk many a smart girl avoids by topping off each bath with Mum.

Half a minute for Mum. A fingertipful

of snowy-white Mum—and you're safe for the day or evening. No chance of underarm odor playing traitor to your charm.

Mum's the word for safe, sure, gentle protection. Won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. And creamy Mum won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Get a jar of Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.



Mum



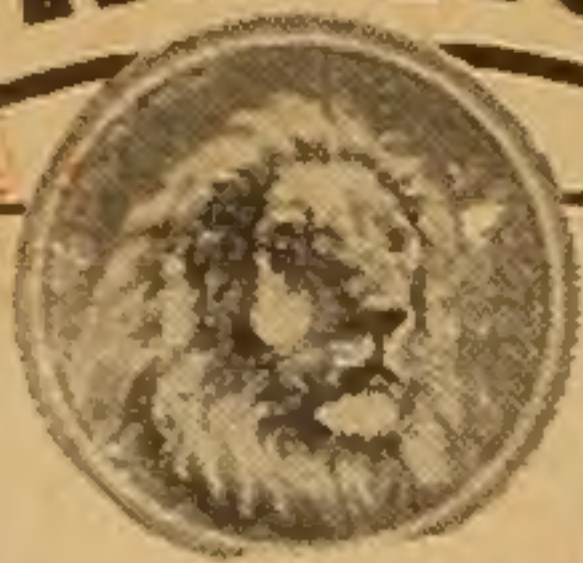
takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Last month, we said "The Green Years" was a wonderful motion picture.

We used such words as "magnificent" about the M-G-M picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant new book. (Mr. Cronin, you will remember, also authored "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom".)



We roared applause for Charles Coburn's fine characterization. We raved about Tom Drake's winning performance. We glowed over lovely young Beverly Tyler's beautifully acted role.

And, if we were the crowing kind, this month we'd besaying: "We told you so!"

Because our claims have been confirmed by the most show-wise audience you could possibly get together.

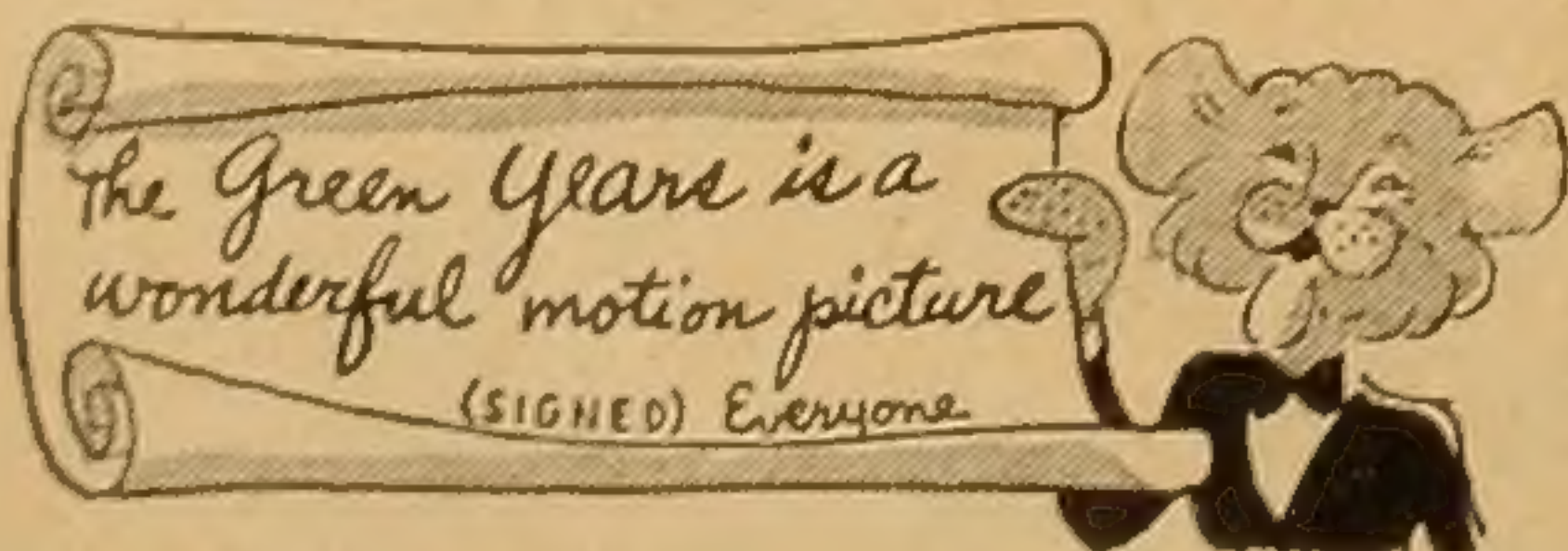
Kate Smith says "The Green Years" is a wonderful motion picture. Frank Sinatra says so. Judy Garland says so. Louella Parsons says so.

And Jack Benny says so. Jimmy Durante says so. Greer Garson says so. Eddie Cantor says so. Hedda Hopper says so. Ed Sullivan says so.

And June Allyson says so. Gregory Peck says so. Rudy Vallee says so. Dinah Shore says so. Louis Sobol says so. But why go on? Everyone says so!

Our congratulations to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon. To a perfect supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy. To those fine screenplay writers, Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien.

They all contributed so much toward making "The Green Years" what it is:



Next month, we'll tell you all about "Easy To Wed". If we may go into our role of oracle again, it's great—and we're telling you so. How could it miss with Van Johnson (singing and dancing!), lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball, and uproarious Keenan Wynn? Technicolor, too. Mmmmm!

—Lea

SCREENLAND

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Cover Portrait of MAUREEN O'HARA, co-starring with Dick Haymes, Harry James in 20th Century-Fox's "Do You Love Me?" Color photo by Jack Albin

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Van!

dances and romances with
gorgeous Esther Williams
IN TECHNICOLOR



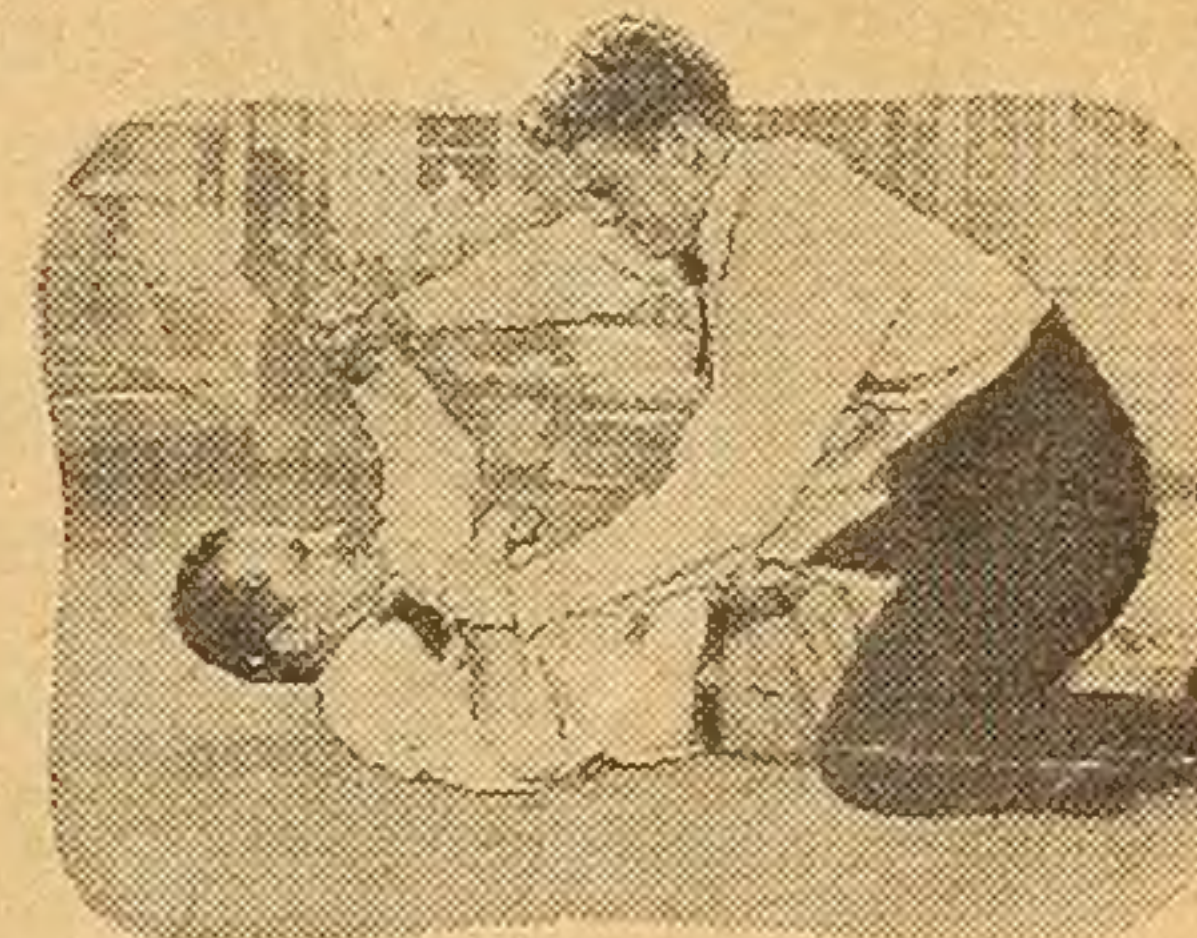
Van!

sings love songs...and so
does Lucille Ball
IN TECHNICOLOR



Van!

fight and frolics with
funny-man Keenan Wynn
IN TECHNICOLOR



M-G-M's whirlwind musical romance **IN TECHNICOLOR**
VAN JOHNSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS
LUCILLE BALL • KEENAN WYNN

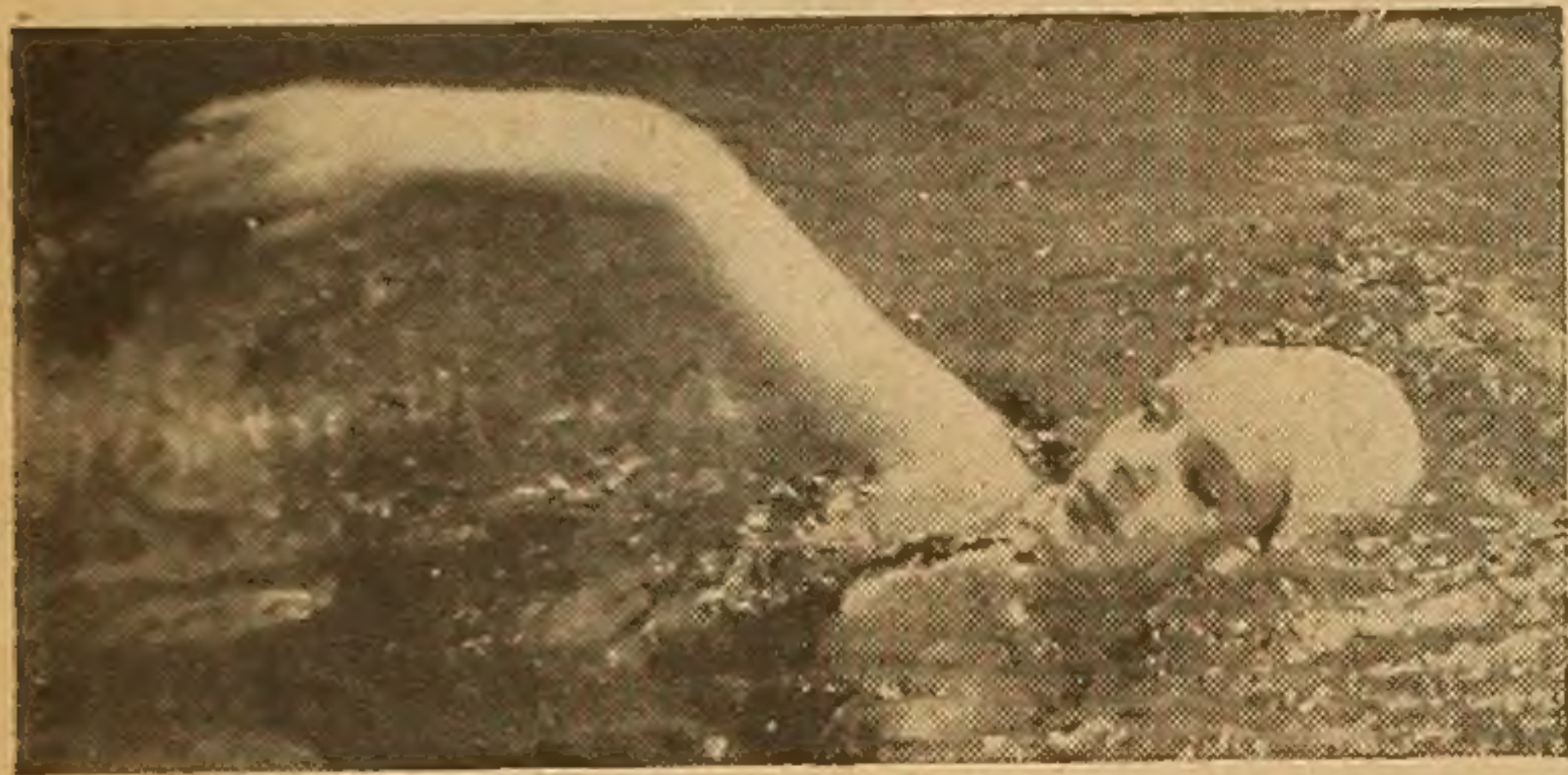
"Easy to Wed"

CECIL KELLAWAY
CARLOS RAMIREZ • BEN BLUE
ETHEL SMITH
AT THE ORGAN

Adapted by Dorothy Kingsley • From the Screenplay
"Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard
Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer
Directed by
EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by
JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



OF COURSE YOU CAN...



GO IN SWIMMING...



WITH TAMPAX!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR**
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



The Dick Haymes, dining out, talk over another movie career in the family. His wife, using the name of Joanne Dru, will play the title rôle in "Abie's Irish Rose."

VAN JOHNSON'S recent operation was painful but not serious. The night before he "went in," Van attended a party given by Irene Selznick. While everyone sat around straight and formal, Van kicked off his shoes, rolled up his pants legs, stashed away a wad of gum and threw himself down on the floor in front of the radio. That's the secret of Van's social success—his naturalness.

RAY MILLAND has never exactly knocked himself out to get publicity. (After winning that Oscar he didn't have to.) But he was really excited when his lovely wife, Mal, was selected on a newspaper poll as the best-dressed woman to come out of Hollywood. The day Mal was photographed, Ray gave her tips about posing, nervously paced back and forth chewing up cigarettes while Mal calmly allowed herself to be shot from all angles. The day the proofs arrived, Ray was up at dawn watching for the mailman.

EXACTLY eight years to the day the Nazis invaded Vienna, Helmut Dantine flew back (in exactly 24 hours after he left New York!) to see his parents. When he was told that civilian travel was out of the question, Helmut did some quick thinking. And some fast working. He got himself a job as correspondent for a national publication. They armed him with film and camera, got him his correspondent's uniform and he was off to complete the assignment. He took along hairnets, lipsticks, nylons and innumerable packages of vegetable seeds. He hopes to bring his mother back for a visit.

Hot from Hollywood




New dancing twosome, Marilyn Maxwell and Peter Lawford, catch the camera's eager eye. Marilyn recently separated from her husband, John Conte.

POSSESSED

BY ONE WOMAN...

OBSESSED

BY ANOTHER...



This man who dabbled with the
destiny of nations...in Paris...Rome
... Washington... Berlin—helpless
before the power of the Searching
Wind that stripped away the veils
cloaking his secret love!

HAL WALLIS' production

"The Searching Wind"

FROM THE SUCCESSFUL BROADWAY PLAY BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

STARRING **ROBERT YOUNG · SYLVIA SIDNEY · ANN RICHARDS**

with **DUDLEY DIGGES** and Introducing **DOUGLAS DICK**

Directed by **WILLIAM DIETERLE** · DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY—**LEE GARMES, A.S.C.**

Screenplay by **LILLIAN HELLMAN** · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

From the Producer of
"CASABLANCA"
"LOVE LETTERS" and
"SARATOGA TRUNK"

*Wash away
Unsightly Hair!*

ZIP

CREAM

Hair Remover



You can have satin-smooth arms and legs—free from unsightly hair, with ZIP. Simply spread on, rinse off. Hair disappears instantly. Your skin emerges petal-smooth.

3 Sizes—28c 55c \$1.10

Many Women Prefer

ZIP

HAIR REMOVING

Lotion

No ugly cuts or scratches.
No stubble or shadow.
Keeps skin lovely longer.

QUICK!
EFFECTIVE!



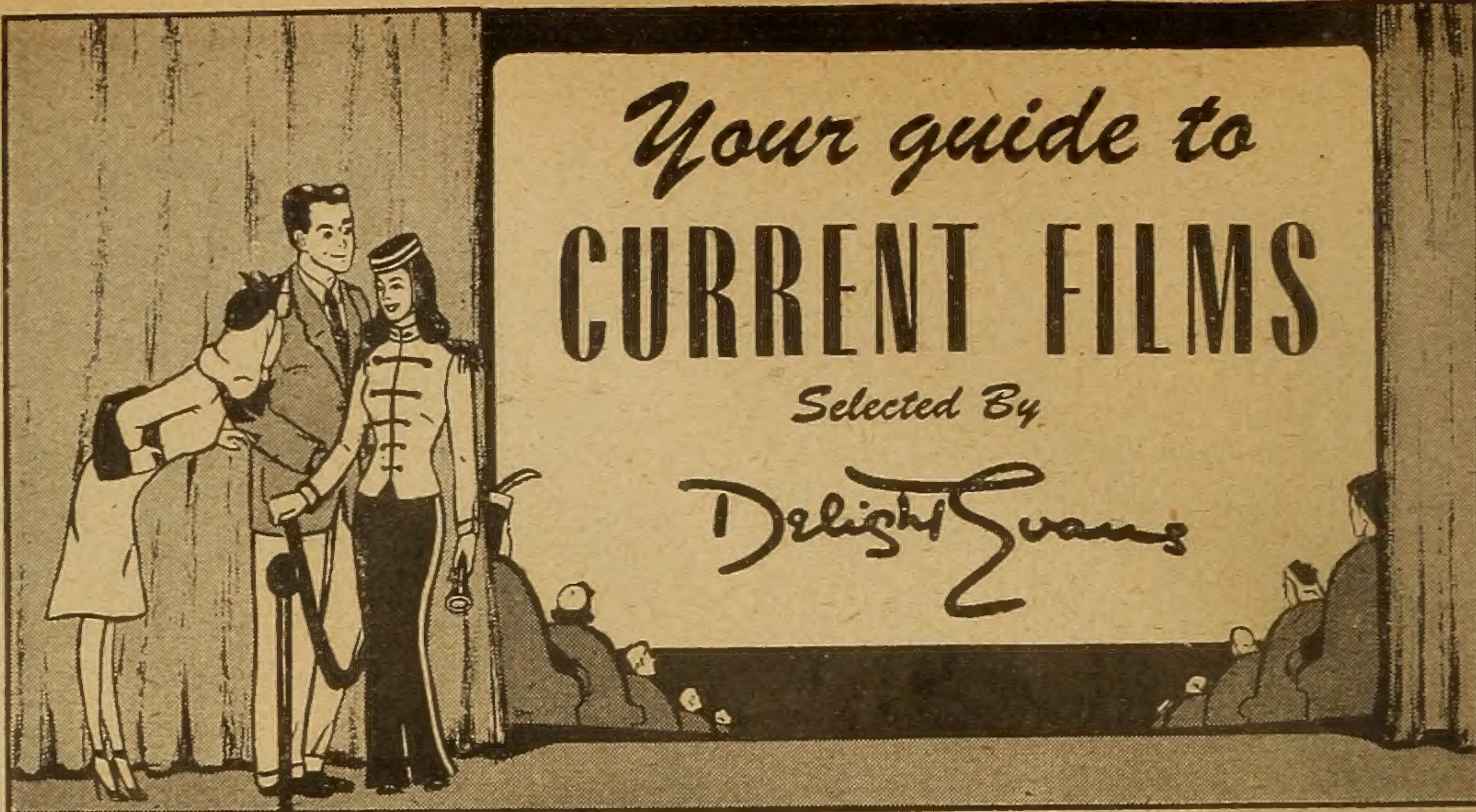
At drug and cosmetic
counters everywhere.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon
Madame Berthé, Specialist, 608 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans



SO GOES MY LOVE—Universal

Myrna Loy and Don Ameche form a delightful team in this Skirball-Manning production based on the biography by Hiram Maxim about his father. Rather than stressing the products of his inventive mind, the film deals mainly with the amusing idiosyncracies of the man himself, and the well-directed activities of his busy, charming wife to help Brooklyn's Hall of Science honor him—against his will—as one of the three greatest scientists of the 1870's. Bobby Driscoll, as their offspring, comes in for warm-hearted laughs over his bad-little-good-boy pranks, and Rhys Williams scores in short rôle of portrait painter particular in his choice of subjects.



MAKE MINE MUSIC—RKO-Disney

What a variety of tastes Disney pleases in his latest full-length feature entertainment! Take your pick of ten fascinating colorful skits: among them, a hillbilly tune, comically animated with the King's Men singing; two jive sessions with Benny Goodman; ballet by Riabouchinska and Lichine to Dinah Shore's song; ballad by Andy Russell; "Casey at the Bat," Jerry Colonna reciting; Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf," Sterling Holloway narrating; "Johnny Fedora and Alice Bluebonnet," a tender love story sung by Andrews Sisters; "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met" with Nelson Eddy singing bass, baritone, tenor, and soprano.



SUSPENSE—Monogram

Belita, heretofore noted mainly for her talent on skates, makes a substantial bid to place her name among the new dramatic stars in this murder mystery film with psychological overtones. For our money, the place is hers. With Barry Sullivan and Albert Dekker playing opposite her—one to gain her affections, the other to keep them—the story builds to high-pitched suspense. Up to the murder sequence and subsequent scenes when the "corpse" returns, the picture holds interest, but from then on there seem to be too many loose ends to pick up. Bonita Granville is vigorous as a mystery moll, while Eugene Pallette is easy-going as staunch friend.



CLUNY BROWN—20th Century-Fox

The girl who saw the Vision at Lourdes has become the girl with a penchant for plumbing. Yes, she's the one and the same—Jennifer (Bernadette) Jones, perhaps not so saintly, but certainly as sincere as Margery Sharpe's heroine. Where else could you find such delightful, uninhibited, gullible and naïve people? There's the plumber's niece, who's desperate to find her "place," and the Czech refugee (Charles Boyer), who alone seems to understand her philosophical dilemma, charming the sympathetic English bluebloods, especially Peter Lawford. Richard Haydn represents a stuffy chemist. It's a laugh even the English will enjoy on themselves.



THE DARK CORNER—20th Century-Fox

Playing the central character along the same general lines of Dick Powell's "Murder, My Sweet" and "Cornered," Mark Stevens should add a great deal of prestige to his name. With Lucille Ball, grand trouper that she is, aiding and abetting him in the solution of a particularly baffling mystery, and Clifton Webb, also expert, laying the obstacles in his path, the film offers plenty of excitement, action, and suspense. The script, however, goes a little overboard in withholding clues and, as a result, amateur detectives may feel miffed. Kurt Kreuger, as a handsome blackmailer, William Bendix, an unprincipled "eye," add further interest.



WOW!
WHAT A
LESSON IN
CARESSIN'!

THE SCREEN'S
FULL OF
STARS WITH
THEIR ARMS
FULL OF
LOVE!



JACK CARSON
A weed in their garden of love!



OH, WHAT ANNIE DID TO THE "XMAS IN CONNECTICUT" KID!
ANN SHERIDAN and **DENNIS MORGAN**



ALEXIS SMITH
Everybody's sweetheart—all at once!

JANE WYMAN
She's been around so much
she's dizzy!



IT'S THE BIG LOVE AND LOVE-IT SHOW FROM WARNERS!

ONE MORE TOMORROW

with
REGINALD GARDINER

Screen Play by Charles Hoffman & Catherine Turney • Additional Dialogue by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein • Based on the Play by Philip Barry • Music by Max Steiner

DIRECTED BY
PETER GODFREY

PRODUCED BY
BENJAMIN GLAZER

The hit with the
Hit Parade tune
"ONE MORE TOMORROW"



HONEYMOON LOVELINESS

...BEGINS IN
YOUR BATH

Revel in this dancing, magic foam as it caresses you softly, gently—leaving your skin velvety smooth and excitingly fragrant. Fatigue melts away. You step forth fresh as a dew-drenched flower. Five floral scents in every package to make every bath a beauty rite, and you a lovelier you!



ASK FOR
THE BOX
WITH THE
BUBBLE



FOAMING BATH
Sachet

On sale at all better toiletry
counters

ROBERT H. CLARK COMPANY
Beverly Hills, California



A SCANDAL IN PARIS—Pressburger-U. A.

Here's a real treat! In this deftly directed, cleverly written comedy George Sanders has the rôle of a lifetime, and how he plays it! Never before has Sanders been able fully to project that cynical charm of his, but here, in a part apparently made to order, he turns in a highly polished, brilliantly witty performance. Douglas Sirk, one of the best of the younger directors, has taken the tale of *Vidocq*, smooth French crook who reforms to become a great detective, and fashioned from it a fast-moving, sophisticated period piece with romantic overtones. Two lovelies change the course of his career—one, a bold and dazzling blonde (Carole Landis); the other, a demure young thing (Signe Hasso), influences his life for the better.



HEARTBEAT—RKO

The rôle of a Cinderella pickpocket who falls in love with the white hope of the diplomatic service in Paris is just the ticket for Ginger Rogers, especially with handsome, appealing Jean Pierre Aumont as romantic bait. That's a nice set-up for a heartthrob, but there's also her subtly satiric adventures when she joins his rank of society expressly to purloin a picture of a jealous man's wife—a job at which she's expert, having been taught by Basil Rathbone as a professor of a pickpocket school. Adolphe Menjou as jealous husband, Mona Maris, the misbehaving wife, and Melville Cooper, a penniless hanger-on, turn in interesting performances.



TO EACH HIS OWN—Paramount

Reaching near perfection is Olivia DeHavilland's superb performance in this film slanted especially to interest the femme world. It'll do the male of the species no harm to see it, too. Outstanding in DeHavilland's portrayal is her easy transition from a starry-eyed girl helping her father run a smalltown drugstore, a young matron denied the right to her own baby, to the shrewd and successful business woman and finally the hard-bitten spinster still striving to win her son's love. John Lund, a personable newcomer from Broadway, does an excellent job of both her lover and son, while Roland Culver, Mary Anderson, Philip Terry and Bill Goodwin in supporting rôles help motivate the poignant plot, directed by Mitchell Leisen.



BADMAN'S TERRITORY—RKO

A bargain in badmen is offered in this film starring Randolph Scott, Ann Richards, and George "Gabby" Hayes. Their names are real—the James Boys played by Lawrence Tierney and Tom Tyler, the Daltons by Steve Brodie, Phil Warren and William Moss, the notorious Sam Bass by Nestor Paiva and Isabel Jewell as the gun-totin' Belle Starr—but their nefarious adventures are purely imaginary. The scripters have tossed them together in outlaw territory and given them the reins to react as they will. Randolph Scott is the admirable Texas sheriff, who tracks them down, plays along with them—much to the distress of the righteous Ann Richards, the town's editor—until he has them all coralled, dead to rights.



A YANK IN LONDON—20th Century-Fox

In view of the number of English brides landing on these shores in the past few months, this film about the romance of an Army sergeant (Dean Jagger) and British noblewoman (Anna Neagle) serving as chauffeur for RAF fliers, seems to be a pretty close cross-section of what our boys experienced. Good will, tolerance and understanding of customs are stressed, but never get in the way of a really appealing love story, compellingly touched by the sacrifice made by the English suitor (Rex Harrison, excellent as a soldier-politician), and finally a tragic war death. Robert Morley gives a fine performance as the girl's grandfather.



THE WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO—PRC

If you're an Alexander Dumas fan, you'll enjoy this latest celluloid edition further dramatizing the Monte Cristo legend. Once again you meet the fabulous Count, this time as he returns to Paris after his long imprisonment in the Chateau D'If. Aided by his beautiful wife, he carries on a series of Robin Hood raids on wicked profiteers who are cheating the poor. Most of the excitement occurs when the fair Countess takes her husband's place as mysterious "Masked Avenger"—a dashing figure she cuts! It's a surprise to find John Loder in a sinister rôle, with Martin Kosleck and Lenore Aubert appearing more importantly as the Count and Countess. This Aubert gal is indeed an eyeful.
(Please turn to page 23)

The Hilarious History of a Wayward Impulse!

It's he-man Wayne . . . coming to the rescue of captivating Claudette . . . who first forgets her reservations . . . then loses her reserve! (Brother, so will you!)



JESSE L. LASKY and WALTER MacEWEN
present

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • JOHN WAYNE

in MERVYN LEROY'S production of

Without Reservations

with DON DeFORE • ANNE TRIOLA and Miss LOUELLA PARSONS

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY

Screen Play by ANDREW SOLT



Hollywood Glamour

FOR YOUR HAIR



LOVELY
BONITA
GRANVILLE

Featured in Monogram's
"SUSPENSE," a King
Brothers Production



Of course, Kay Daumit's sensational new Lustre-Creme gives an amazing shampoo—makes hair fastidiously clean—rinses out so quickly. But... this wonderful new product is *more* than a shampoo—it's truly a "hair cosmetic."

You see, Lustre-Creme contains *secret ingredients* that bring out the true hidden radiance of your hair—that *discipline* your hair so it stays well-groomed throughout a busy day—or all evening long. Look charming, *feel* charming—with a chic new hair-do that stays lovelier longer. Try this *different* cosmetic—Kay Daumit's Lustre-Creme; it's approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

The whole family prefers Lustre-Creme—once they try it. That's why we're offering this sensational new product in the big, economical, family-size one-pound jar at \$3.50—as well as the regular 4-ounce size at \$1.00. Ask for Lustre-Creme at department store cosmetic counters and at all good drug stores.

Here's proof! This coupon and 25c will bring you a trial-size of Lustre-Creme. Money back if it doesn't please you.

Name

Address

Post Office State

MAIL WITH 25c TO KAY DAUMIT

Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO

Dept. HS-7, 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago (11)

JEANNE
CRAIN



JACKIE
"BUTCH"
JENKINS



MARGARET
O'BRIEN



CLARK
GABLE



Fans' Forum



Exclusively Yours

As a movie fan, it's your privilege—yes, your pleasant duty—to let the stars and producers know your opinions of pictures and personalities. This is your forum exclusively, in which you may express the thoughts and inspirations you had after last night's movie. Write your letter today. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

\$10.00

Like everyone else who attends movies regularly, I get a tremendous kick out of expressing my opinions about various pictures. Maybe it's just that I'm exercising that good old American custom of "griping"; but somehow, I believe there's more to it than that.

I've come to the conclusion that the more criticism a picture evokes, either good or bad, the more reason for Hollywood to get to the root of whatever it was that set this picture apart from others; the more reason to find out if maybe that picture doesn't contain the "spark," "nucleus," or whatever you choose to call the essence of it, that should serve in reproducing a similar spark in the scenarios thereafter to be written and produced for a public that is ever-changing, ever-developing.

I think that any seriously inclined person will admit that movies do set certain standards for our conduct, that they influence our ideals, our romantic tastes, our sense of right and wrong; that many of the things we do, the decisions we make in our everyday living, often go back to some picture we've seen, some character we've unconsciously absorbed, some mannerism of a favorite star. That's why I can't help but wonder just what will happen both amongst

the public and also Hollywood, because of "The Lost Weekend." I think everyone who saw the picture will admit that it was certainly something "different" from the usual run of first-class pictures, to say the least. It set a new style, a new formula, a new type of story, problem, and presentation entirely. You couldn't begin to treat it as the usual love story, mystery, or comedy—any of the ordinary classifications.

No, you couldn't pass this one off with the assurance that it was convincing, interesting, gripping—just pure entertainment. "The Lost Weekend" was not entertainment. It wasn't something you could "take" or "leave alone"—whichever you preferred. If you are the sort of person who does any thinking at all about what you see in the flickers, you had to "take" it. It was life stripped to the raw, slashed to the quick. It was stark reality, and you had to say something about it.

I was rather surprised at the reactions of my own friends to the picture; even at my own reactions. I haven't yet been able to explain it; to figure it out. Every one of my acquaintances who make no bones about drinking, some of them imbibing rather heavily, said in no uncertain terms that they didn't care for this picture, that it disgusted them, that the chief male lead was nothing but an "old rummy" with whom they had no sympathy. Others of my friends who never touch liquor, and I am in this class too, said they had only the deepest pity, the most understanding sympathy for a man who got no pleasure out of his drinking but who seemed to suffer with a disease comparable to any other serious illness.

I am wondering what the outcome of all this controversy will be. Will Hollywood take the cue and push a few more of these realistic problem stories? Will they "give it to us straight," "shoot the works," without the usual coating of glamor, stardust, and a glossing over of the true facts of the case? I hope so. After what we've been through during the past four years, the facing of reality in foxholes, hospitals—well, the old alibi of looking at our vices and tragedies through rose-colored glasses just doesn't work any more. Or does it? That's what (Please turn to page 16)

He'll steal
anything!

Women lose their heads... their hearts...
their treasures when master-thief, master-
tempter Vidocq comes calling. What a
vandal! What a scandal!

Arnold Pressburger presents

GEORGE SANDERS
SIGNE HASSO
CAROLE LANDIS

in

**"A
Scandal
in Paris"**



Oh, that sensational
Flame Dance! It's torrid!

SCREENLAND

with
AKIM TAMIROFF
GENE LOCKHART

Alma Kruger · Alan Napier · Jo Ann Marlowe
Vladimir Sokoloff · Directed by **DOUGLAS SIRK**
Screenplay by **ELLIS ST. JOSEPH**
Produced by **ARNOLD PRESSBURGER**
Released thru United Artists

LOAFING WITH LON

Exclusive photos by Jack Albin

The Army was never

like this, Lon

McCallister discovers

as he settles

down for keeps in his

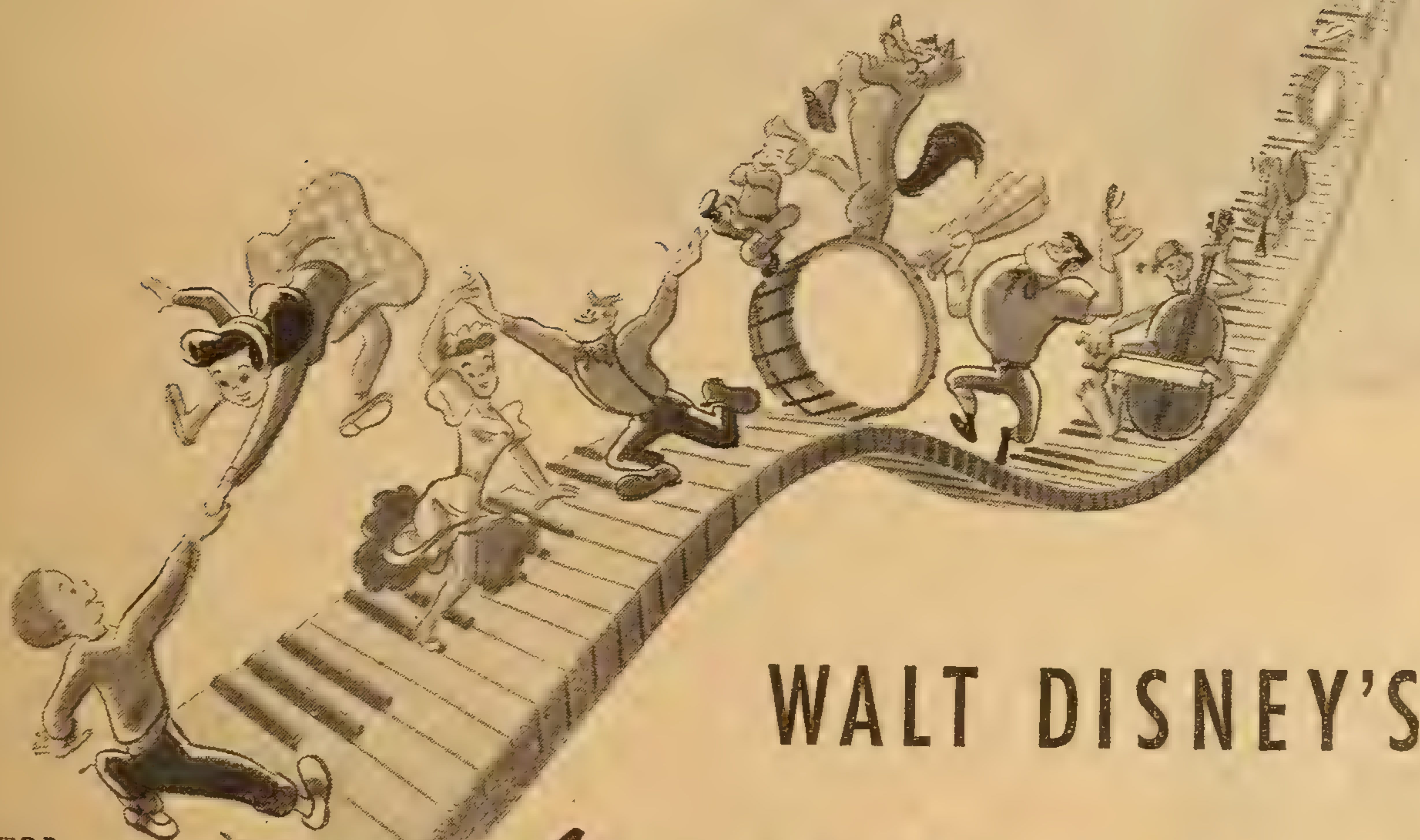
Malibu Beach home



Now that he's back making movies again, Lon can enjoy living in his bachelor's quarters, a bungalow facing the broad and blue Pacific. Here he shares the comforts of home with his dog. Muck plays ping-pong with his pal, Ray Sperry; collects books and ship models in his spare time.



*Hittin' all Keys
for laughs!*



© WDP

WALT DISNEY'S

Make Mine Music!

**THRILL to the
TALENTS of**

- Benny GOODMAN** and the **Pied Pipers** sending solid in "All the Cats Join In"!
- Dinah SHORE** enchanting in a sparkling Ballad Ballet, "Two Silhouettes"!
- The **ANDREWS SISTERS** singing the love story of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet"!
- Nelson EDDY** singing *all* roles in the amazing "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met"!
- Jerry COLONNA** starting a mirthquake in the immortal "Casey at the Bat"!
- Andy RUSSELL** spellbinding in the lovely lyrics of "Without You"!
- The **KINGS MEN** reviving the rip-roaring feud of "The Martins and the Coys"!
- Sterling HOLLOWAY** telling the story of Prokofieff's famous "Peter and the Wolf"!

*Tania Riabouchinska and David Lichine in a
never to be forgotten Disney Ballet!*

A COMEDY MUSICAL FEATURE IN TECHNICOLOR

RELEASED THROUGH RKO RADIO PICTURES

SCREENLAND

15



KEEP ADORABLE!

Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way

- Made on a face cream base. Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a gentle deodorant. Try it—feel the wonderful difference!



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

GIVE wings to your words WITH THE PEERLESS "P38"

GUARANTEED FOR ALWAYS!

Your choice of BATTLESHIP GRAY BURGUNDY, NAVY EBONY BLACK

\$8.75 PLUS FED. TAX

These are the new streamlined pen and pencil sets that are literally flying over paper to make writing history.

See your dealer or write direct

PEERLESS

New York 11, N.Y. Dept. R

I'm waiting to find out. And I know where I'll get my answer—in the type of picture we see from now on.

M. KATHLEEN HALEY, Millville, N. J.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

\$5.00

For the past several years, movieland has been flooded with would-be famous stars, all characterized by monikers designed to appeal to the sensual instincts, viz., "The Body," "The Look," "Oomph Girl," "The Legs," "Beautiful Hunk of Man," etc. I'm sick and tired of all these silly monikers! If these stars could really act, such ballyhoo would be tolerable, but it is especially noted that they are *not* among those who are carrying off the Academy Awards.

Can anyone imagine an honest-to-goodness actor like Spencer Tracy being called Spencer "The Look" Tracy, or a person like Bette Davis being heralded as Bette "The Body" Davis? No! They would scorn such exploitation. Their box-office appeal stems solely from personal ability based on past performances.

If an actor can't appeal through the merits of his acting, why not, for the sake of the public, let him fall by the way so that a worthwhile star can replace him? After all, movies are primarily for the entertainment of us—the public. The finer the acting, the more we enjoy and patronize them; the more we patronize them, the bigger the box-office receipts; the bigger the box-office receipts, the higher the salaries of producers and stars—and so on in a vicious circle. But we want and demand something in exchange for our hard-earned cash. So, in the future, please may we have more Garsons, Tracys, Bergmans, Colberts and Crosbys, and less bodies, looks and legs?

GENEVIEVE C. HAMMETT,
Chevy Chase 15, D. C.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS

\$1.00 Each

I have been an ardent Clark Gable fan for many years (especially since seeing "Gone with the Wind"), so naturally I was eagerly looking forward to Clark's return to the screen. Well, I have seen "Adventure" and what a disappointment! The dialogue and situations were either hackneyed or ridiculous, and the picture would have been ruined had it not been for Clark's durable charm and unbeatable personality.

With the possible exception of "Boom Town," Clark hasn't had one really good rôle since "Gone with the Wind." Clark Gable has given many years of acting services to the screen; his pictures have brought in millions of dollars at the box office; his conduct and actions in private life have won for him the respect and affection of millions of movie fans which is reflected in the popularity of his pictures. Is this how Hollywood shows its appreciation? Why is it other actors get great rôles and Clark gets the same thing time and time again?

I think that I speak for all the Gable fans when I say it's about time MGM took the trouble to get some outstanding stories for Clark Gable which, as one of the greatest screen personalities of all time, he justly deserves.

MARIAN BARNHOLTZ, St. Louis 5, Mo.

The typical child star, crying one minute and breaking into a song-and-dance a moment later, has long left me cold. I viewed "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" firmly convinced that a new kind of child had come to the screen.

Those very human moppets, "Butch" Jenkins and Margaret O'Brien, were figures out of my own childhood. Like the bored boy on a drowsy afternoon, I have wandered aimlessly about a deserted schoolyard. Like the glowing child who met the circus elephant, I have gone to see the big show unload at the railroad yards in the small hours of the morning.

Quiet moments at dusk when the family sat on the front porch and watched the day end, little spats about roller skates or some other plaything, the flurry on Christmas morning—those scenes were memorable because of their beauty and simplicity.

I note a slight tendency, however, rarely presented on the screen, to avoid distorted views of family life. The *Jones* and *Hardy* families were never average American households to me, although they have been called that. The typical family is, I feel, still something like the one in "Tender Grapes." The father wasn't running for judge or mayor, and the mother wasn't a leading social figure in the community. The children were the children we were. Let the screen discard the old fantastic portrayals of family life, and let us again see ourselves as we are.

JACK TRAVERS, St. Louis 7, Mo.

I haven't read many reviews of "Leave Her to Heaven" but the few I've read were very unfavorable. However, I enjoyed it tremendously due largely to Gene Tierney's wonderful acting as *Ellen* and Cornel Wilde's as *Richard*. No one in the articles I've read seems to think Gene's acting was anything to rave about, but I do. She was perfectly at ease in her rôle and was convincing and consistent throughout her portrayal.

However, to me the definite flaw in the picture was the characterization of *Ruth* by Jeanne Crain. This charming but nonetheless immature actress hasn't had enough acting experience to play a serious rôle opposite stars who showed much more depth and realism in their acting than she did. "Leave Her to" musicals like "State Fair," but for heaven's sake don't give her another part like that until she's ready for it. This suggestion is not meant to be destructive, but constructive, because to everyone who read the book, she was certainly not the (Please turn to page 22)



Our cover girl, Maureen O'Hara, 20th Century-Fox star of "Do You Love Me?" poses in a stunning white Lee Swimplay-Suit.

More Men!
More Merriment! Than
Our Hearts Were Young and Gay!

The cast is bigger, the laughs
are longer and the love is funnier
with those heartbreaking honeys
you enjoyed so much before!

Paramount presents

"OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP"

starring

Gail Russell
Diana Lynn
and Brian Donlevy
with Billy De Wolfe
William Demarest

James Brown • Bill Edwards

Produced by Daniel Dare • Directed by William D. Russell

Screen Play by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

Based on a story by Frank Waldman

They take over
Princeton... lock,
stock and baritones!

By Josephine Felts

SMOOTH

Hair that gleams—no matter what color—is strictly beautiful! Lizabeth Scott keeps hers polished by daily brushing.

AND

SHINING!



Olivia De Havilland, soon to be seen in Paramount's "To Each His Own," wears the new "shorter hair."

Have you obedient hair? Does it do exactly what you want it to—always?

make shining hair more important than ever.

What a new hair-do can do both for your looks and spirits! If you want to go right home and change your hair style this minute you are pretty much in luck. Because almost everything in hair styles is fashionable today. You may do it up or down, wear it short or long, sleek it back from your forehead and brows, or wear it in curly locks around your face. Almost anything goes — provided you weren't wearing it that way before.

The really new look, however, is shorter behind and curly-up-above before. Shorter is a silly word because perhaps you've been wearing it

short, four or five inches long, you may do all sorts of things with it. You may wear it in curly, fluffy bangs apart from your other hair, set it in sculptured curls or just brush it back.

That part of Hollywood which likes to keep its hair long is bringing the long back hair high up into all sorts of criss-crossings and swirls. We've been advised by our scouts, too (shhhh!), that extra hair pieces are being worn for glamorous summer evenings. Great grandmama would be intrigued. Maybe it's part of the trend toward costume movies. At all events there it is.

Be sure to pin a flower in your hair, wear a ribbon, a perky bow, or almost anything else you like as a hair ornament. Stars are vying with one another to see who can use the most original pieces. Clips and pins are worn; jeweled combs are lovely.

Did somebody just say, "All right for the jewelry, but how can I make my hair shine?" There, that is a bright girl who wants to have stars in her hair. Well, proper shampooing and regular brushing is the answer. And don't say it can't be done until you try. You are on to the trick of putting warm oil on your hair and into your scalp before you shampoo too dry hair, aren't you? Heat a little olive oil in a saucepan and work it into your hair thoroughly. Wrap a towel around your head and let the oil soak in. Then shampoo with the lather

(Please turn to page 22)

HER hair can be a girl's best friend, or her sworn enemy. It all depends on how she treats it. The stars know the allure of lovely locks and no matter how casual they may seem about it (note Lizabeth Scott), they are careful to turn on beautiful highlights at all times. Today's open-crowned hats (don't you love them?)

rather short anyway. But if you are one of the thousands of pretty girls who have been wearing their hair long and loose around their shoulders, to look new you should have it cut and curled up so that it clears your shoulders by quite a lot. There is a great deal of interest in front hair. Here cut is important, too. If your upper front hair is

She goes "Wolfie" ... to show him
the kind of Kissing he's Missing!

... so for every blonde he
fondled—she went out and
found 6 feet of man ...

Oh, Man!



UNIVERSAL presents

George Lucille
BRENT BALL
Vera ZORINA

in

*Lover Come
Back*

A FESSIER-PAGANO PRODUCTION

with CHARLES WINNINGER

CARL ESMOND RAYMOND WALBURN ELISABETH RISDON

LOUISE BEAVERS WALLACE FORD FRANKLIN PANGBORN

Original Screenplay Written and Produced by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Executive Producer: HOWARD BENEDICT

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

SCREENLAND

19

Smart Headwork



To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to *there*...



Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember . . .

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

"A" for Achievement



Closeups of Jennifer Jones and Charles Boyer, whose performance as Adam Belinski, Czech refugee and "unwilling" money borrower from English aristocrats, lends gently satiric overtones.



Jennifer, at left, is in her glory. As *Cluny*, she answers Reginald Gardiner's distress call to fix his sink before his cocktail guests arrive. Charles Boyer, calling on a former tenant, stays for the party to catch up on sleep.



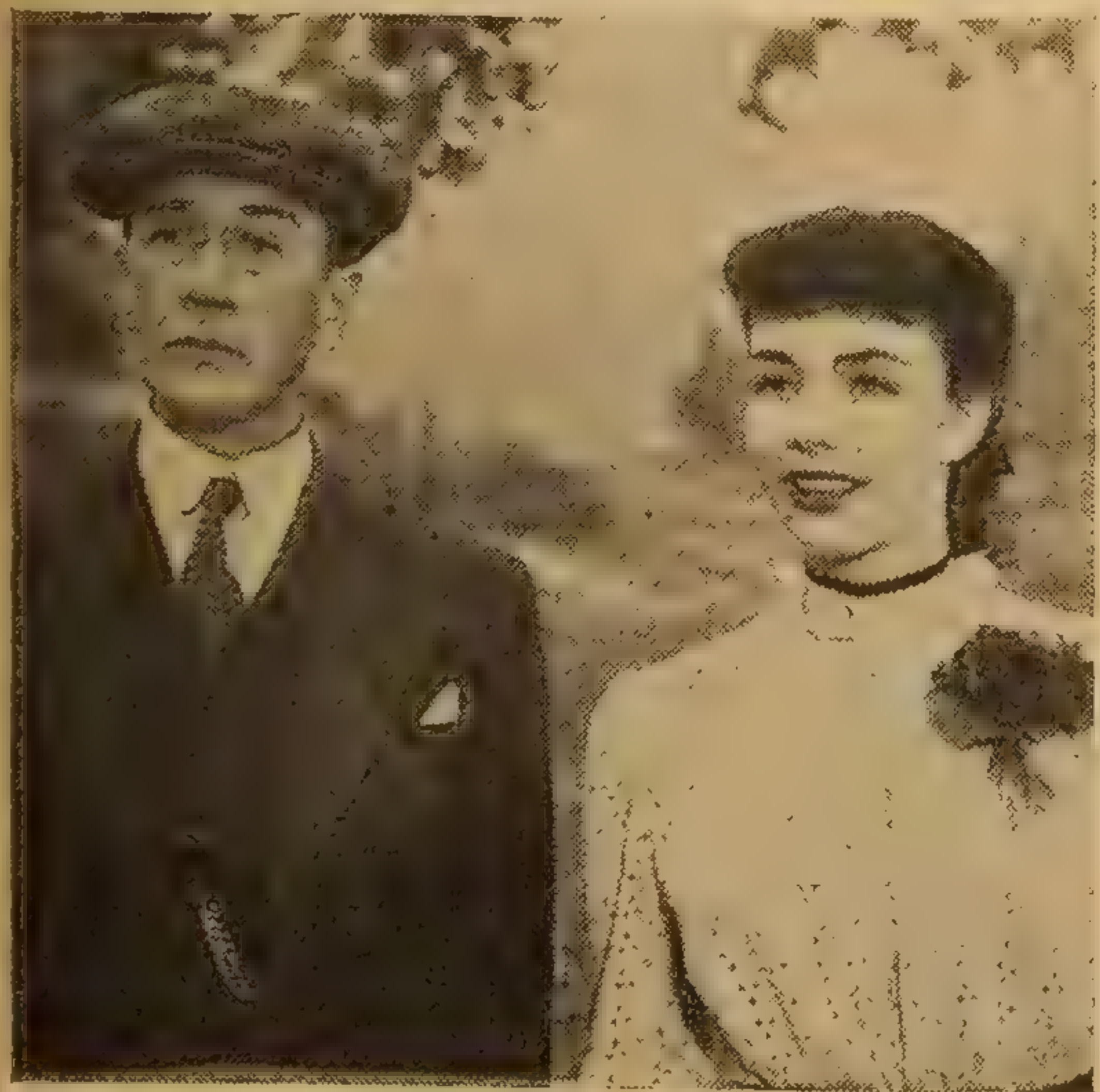
At right, host Reggie hovers solicitously to make favorable impressions on society's Peter Lawford, Helen Walker and Michael Dyne — all of whom are not averse to showing their dignified boredom.

Cluny Brown steps from the pages of Margery Sharpe's novel and becomes a vitally alive personality through the expert touch of Jennifer Jones.

Here she is with fellow characters who help make Ernst Lubitsch's production sparkling film entertainment



Love and romance? But yes, with Charles Boyer above, and with clever Richard Haydn, as a tradition-loving, stuffy chemist.



And they lived happily ever after, below, with success and fame hounding footsteps.



Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT



Get in the swim! Get next to this new post-war, super-fast deodorant. Ask for new ODORONO Cream Deodorant . . . *stops perspiration faster than you slip into your swim suit.* Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Works wonders when you work or play hardest. *Really protects up to 3 days.* Will not irritate your skin . . . or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

Change to new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-modern, super-efficient, super-safe.



ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 16

wise and mature *Ruth* created by Ben Ames Williams.

MINNIE MORRIS HUGGINS, Raleigh, N.C.

Why is the generation ahead of me snooty about movies? If I carry Shakespeare to work with me on the street car, there is a contented gleam in each eye that happens to fall on the "beloved bard," but if I have a movie magazine under my arm, nothing but raised eyebrows.

I adore Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, Keats, in fact, all poets, indiscriminately, but I wouldn't be familiar with "Lines to an Indian Air" if Van Johnson hadn't quoted it in "Thrill of a Romance." Nor with "Invictus" if Robert Cummings hadn't recited it in "King's Row." Nor with Wordsworth's immortal tribute to "Lucy" if Joan Leslie hadn't introduced me to it in "Sky's the Limit."

Each movie I see teaches me something new, and I know if Shakespeare were alive he'd spend even more time at the movies than I do.

G. M. CASEY, Dedham, Mass.

Let's have more films on folklore! Many of us cut our teeth on its rhymes, riddles and games. We learned to read in the enchanting pages of its fairy tales. We grew up and married according to the ceremonial customs it brought us from primeval times. Today, there is a new need for it.

Scientific study has proven that folklore throws a great deal of light on relationships between the races and on the cultural development of human existence. The forces of nature and all the elements which influ-

ence our lives are combined with its literary beauty, deep knowledge and unusual powers of explanation.

With world affairs woven together more closely than ever before, an education in folklore would help knit a pattern of perpetual understanding such as all of us are seeking.

LORETTO STRADER, St. Petersburg, Fla.

HONORABLE MENTION

Why can't we have some changes made in the Roy Rogers movies? Always his leading lady is Dale Evans. My friends and I go to very few of his movies because we practically know what it's about before we see it. Dale Evans plays hard to get, Roy Rogers knocks a few crooks around, and at the end they're in love. So why can't we have some Roy Rogers pictures without

Dale Evans, and some Dale Evans movies without Roy Rogers?

How about it?

DONNA WALLACE, Newport, Ore.

I recently read in a movie column that the book "The King's General," would make an ideal picture for Susan Peters. I want to say that I heartily agree. As the heroine of the book is a cripple in a wheel chair, this story would be a perfect return picture for Miss Peters. The rôle is not ordinary. It would require a great deal of fine acting such as Miss Peters is capable of doing. And just because the heroine is confined to a wheel chair does not mean the story is slow-moving. It contains suspense, action, love and all the other things that make an A-1 movie.

How about giving her this break soon?

MRS. O. ZIMMERMAN, Walden, N. Y.

Smooth and Shining!

Continued from page 18

you like best. This will help make your hair more manageable, too.

There are some wonderful new cream shampoos on the market; there are the regular soap shampoos; and there are the soapless, foamy lathers teen-agers call their own.

A good permanent helps a lot in making your hair quick to arrange, easy to handle as well as attractive. These days you can give yourself one right at home. Several stars who went overseas to help entertain the boys and who learned to do their own hair from necessity then, discovered these home permanents and have been giving themselves soft curls ever since. Wonderful jobs they do, too.

Just a word about problem hair. Almost nobody has to have hair that is a problem if they will go after a remedy seriously. Most problem hair is hair that hasn't been treated kindly; and regular shampooing, a little homely scalp massage with the tips of your fingers and the often-mentioned brushing will put things to rights. But if these measures shouldn't work there are available various corrective tonics, which have proven useful on stars' dressing tables. You mustn't, of course, use them once and expect everything to be just dandy. Correction of dry hair or oily hair takes time. But you can see progress in a short while and that encourages you.



Together Again

IRRESISTIBLE *P.W. LIPSTICK

and METAL SWIVEL CASE

*Pre-War IRRESISTIBLE is back and lovelier lips can be yours again today!

WHIP-TEXT to be creamy soft, yet firm, non-breaking, IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK is smoother, longer lasting, even more wonderful than you remember it—thanks to wartime research. And it comes in a metal swivel case that works!

Irresistible CANDY STRIPE Lipstick longer lasting!

a clear, red red . . . WHIP-TEXT to be s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . .

in
handsome
metal
swivel
case
10c
&
25c
sizes

Your Guide to Current Films



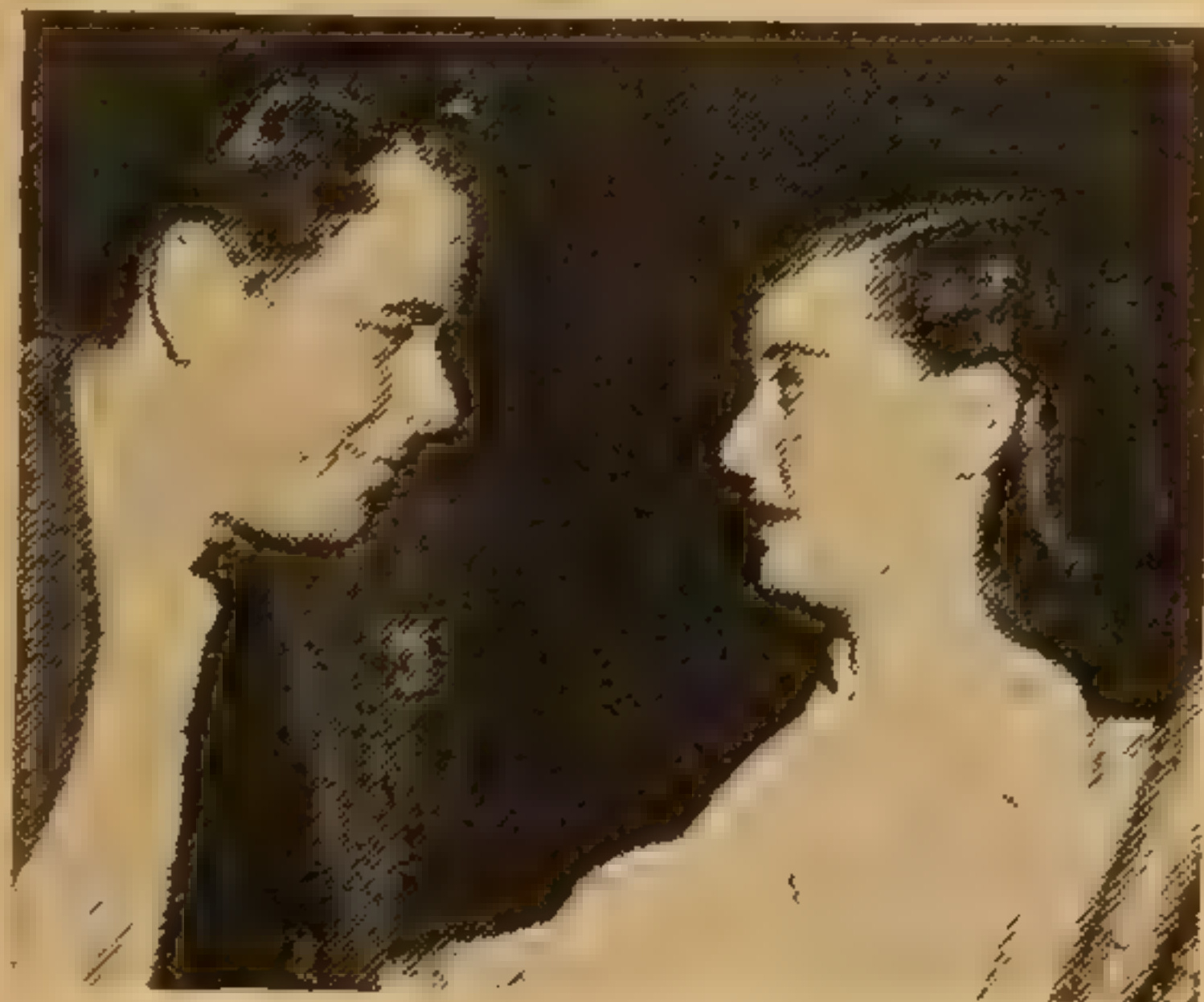
THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS—Paramount

What happens when an intense young girl in her early teens murders an austere aunt whom she loathes in a fit of blind anger? And what does that little girl grow up to be? Barbara Stanwyck demonstrates graphically and dramatically the answer in this Hal Wallis production. Surrounded by such selfish, grasping characters as *Martha's* tutor-guardian (Roman Bohnen), her spineless, drunken husband (Kirk Douglas), you can hardly expect to see paragons of the human race. Van Heflin and Elizabeth Scott play the dynamic love interest, caught in *Martha's* evil web. Their escape provides high-tension adventure but not for children.



RENDEZVOUS 24—20th Century-Fox

The atomic bomb and how it may be used in the future is the basis of this action-packed spy story. William Gargan and Pat O'Moore as American and English agents pitting their ingenuity and cleverness against a left-over group of Nazi scientists intent on complete destruction of whole cities, use all the tricks in the book in ferreting out the offenders. It all makes for good movie with booby-trapped houses, radio interceptors, cryptic clues which lead eventually to the criminals' stronghold. Just in the nick of time, needless to add. Maria Palmer, David Leonard and Kurt Katch stand out prominently in the line-up of menacing rôles.



A STOLEN LIFE—Warners

A double portion of Bette Davis in twin sister rôles is worth anyone's price of admission. Also on the credit side are her expert performances as the honest, fair-playing Kate, and the slinky, sophisticated Patricia who toys with the hearts of men. The story is everything you could want, with love and loyalty, fickleness and selfishness effectively playing on your emotions. Glenn Ford is tops, too, as the lighthouse engineer who marries the wrong sister, and Dane Clark steps in with a grand portrayal of a Greenwich Village artist, complete with bohemian ideas. Too many changes of setting and unnecessary action cloud the plot. But don't get us wrong, you'll like it too.



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Of comfort and ease,
For every wise woman
Requesting "Meds, please!"**

Every day is a "free" day when you use Meds internal protection! You're free from pads, belts and pins; from odor and chafing; from embarrassing bulges and wrinkles. Free, too, from nagging worry — for Meds' "Safety-Well" gives you security *plus!*

- Meds have the famous "SAFETY-WELL" — designed for your extra protection.
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Meds *only* **25¢**

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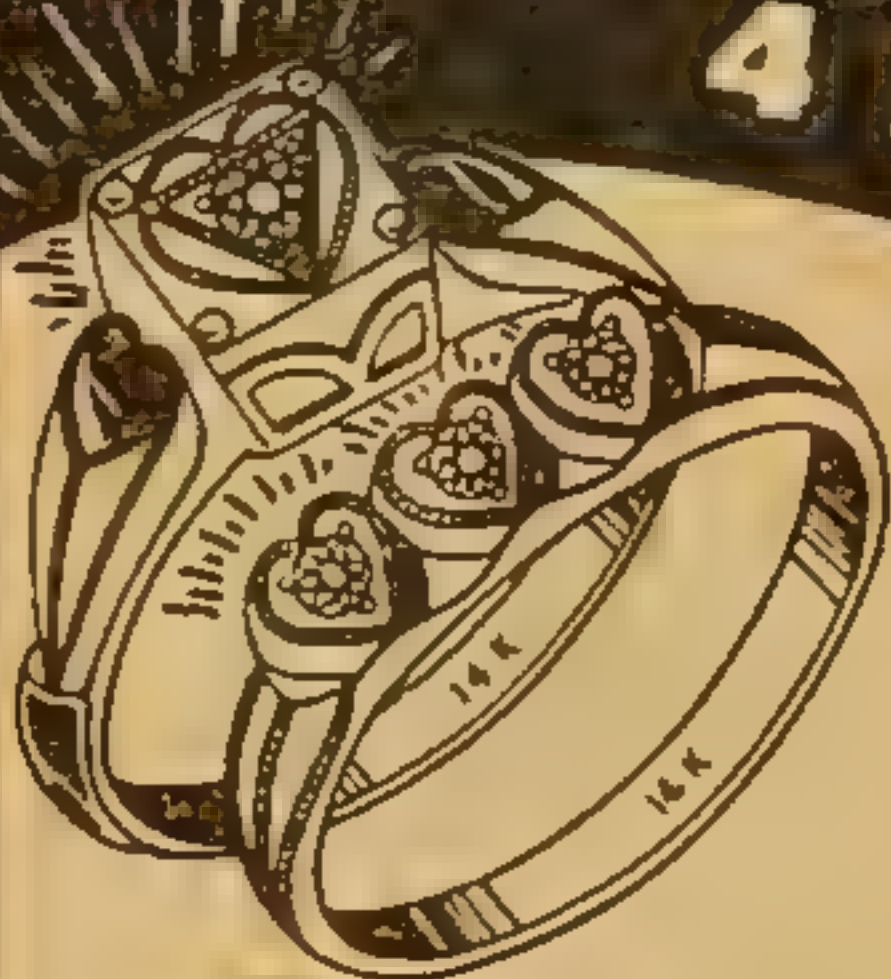


Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

GENUINE DIAMOND 14K SOLID GOLD

SWEETHEART SETS
Guarantee-Bond with Every Purchase

Now, at remarkably low prices, you can get GENUINE DIAMONDS in beautifully designed mountings of 14K SOLID GOLD. Order now while these Sweetheart sets are available. A Guarantee-Bond with every sale. Wear your Set or Ring 10 days; if not delighted, return them for immediate refund. But, be sure to order today!



4 DIAMONDS

\$5.50 Each Ring

\$9.50 for Both Rings

Exquisite 14K SOLID GOLD Engagement Ring with brilliant GENUINE Chip Diamond in heart design mounting. Wedding Ring to match. 14K SOLID GOLD with 3 GENUINE Chip Diamonds. Beautifully boxed.

GUARANTEED Set No. 4

**OUR MOST UNUSUAL VALUE
16 DIAMOND SET**



\$10.50 Each Ring

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A gorgeous Set to make you the envy of your friends. Picture on your finger the Rose cut Diamond Engagement Ring set with 7 sparkling GENUINE Chip Diamonds in a breathtaking 14K SOLID GOLD mounting. Everyone's eyes will gleam when they see your 9-Diamond Wedding Ring. Don't miss this amazing offer. Beautifully boxed.

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Send the Rings checked below. Will pay postman price, plus postage and 20% Fed. tax. After 10 days, I may return Rings for refund of money.

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My ring size is (or send paper strip to size)

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*She won
his love
because...*

Sally was smart. She knew that *Monthly Blues*, nerves, irritability just don't go over with a man. "Be wise," says Sally. "Don't let nervous tension, periodic headache and cramps play havoc with your romance! Instead—help relieve those symptoms with these wonderfully effective Chi-Ches-Ters Pills!" 50¢, or larger economy boxes at your druggist. Get Chi-Ches-Ters Pills today, and take only as directed.

The Improved CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

FREE—New illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. J-7, Philadelphia 46, Pennsylvania.

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Are you cool and beautiful? Even in hot weather? Of course! Take your tips from the stars



Smart girl is Ida Lupino ready to slip on her Oculens sunglasses. She's the star of Warner Brothers' picture, "The Man I Love."



Ambrosia Cologne is a sparkling addition to perfume wardrobes—cool for summer days.



Do you know what pretty hair you really have? Use Halo for natural highlights.

GIRLS who wear sunglasses — and smart girls do this summer—not only protect their eyes from glare and from tracing more clearly (for next winter and forever) those little squint lines that can harden into wrinkles, but they also add a bright fashion note to their summer costumes. Oculens is a good answer. These fine sunglasses (testing, we are told, to Government standards and above) come in frames of some twenty smart shades with such gay names as Robin's Egg Blue, Watermelon Pink; in different frame shapes, too, to flatter.

Have you tried Halo shampoo for your hair? If you have you know how clean and shining, with what pretty highlights, your hair really can be. Halo is one of the soapless types which rinse away completely after a good brisk lathering. It makes a home shampoo fun instead of a chore. No vinegar or lemon rinse to fuss with; you see the natural beauty of your own shining hair. Halo carries away loose dandruff, is fragrant and lathers up even in hard water.

You can give your hair a permanent now at home, too. Yes, it's true. The Charm-Kurl Cold Wave Home Kit takes away much of the mystery that has been around permanents. Just put up your hair in the curlers provided and the special wave solution called Kurlium does the job for you, and in only two or three hours. It is gentle in its action and gives pretty results even with fine, soft hair. The curls are natural-looking and lustrous.

By the way, Quickies are back. This is good news for all of us busy gals who like split-second facial clean-ups during the day before putting on fresh makeup. These dainty flannel circlets saturated with a quick-acting, gently-scented cleansing lotion whisk away dust and makeup.



Boy! Was I glad to get
rid of her!

So I'm looney? So
I'm off my rocker?
But photos do lie, Eddie.
If she is here next week
when you come up you'll
know what I mean.

It's kind of a shame,
too. She's such a swell
gal otherwise, and she
isn't having any fun on
her vacation.

If gals only knew how
guys back away from
halitosis (bad breath)
they wouldn't be without
Listerine Antiseptic ...
not even for a minute.*
See you next week.

Al.

***RIGHT YOU ARE, AL.** It's only good common sense to use Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best. You may not know when you may be troubled this way. And Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful precaution against halitosis of non-systemic origin. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Into his strange, Exotic Kingdom came Anna...
Bringing the wonder of her western beauty...
The flame of her courage...the weapon of her wit!



From the top of every
best-seller list it
comes...to top all
screen entertainment
with its warmth
and splendor!

Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS

IRENE DUNNE
REX HARRISON
LINDA DARNELL
IN

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
LEE J. COBB • GALE SONDERGAARD • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
DENNIS HOEY • TITO RENALDO • RICHARD LYON
Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON
Screen Play by Talbot Jennings and Sally Benson
Based upon the Biography by Margaret Landon



The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO BELITA



Star of Monogram's "Suspense," skating marvel Belita has her first dramatic rôle opposite Barry Sullivan, below. Family photo from Belita's family album shows her with her mother, Mrs. Jepson-Turner, when Belita was tom-boy pal of her two brothers, in England.



I DIDN'T know quite what to call you. "Miss Belita" sounds silly. "Miss Jepson-Turner," your real name, is a mouthful, you'll admit. So I asked. "Just Belita," you said with that disarming grin that I only wish could somehow be captured by the movie camera. I was never more surprised when I met you. Admiring your skating from way back—I saw you seven or so years ago when, a lithe, slim blonde kid from Britain, you captivated some of the first skating-fan audiences over here—I could never understand why your pictures didn't convey some of that same excitement that carried a live audience right along with you. I understand it even less now. You're vivid and you're vital, yet the camera so far has caught only your rather cold, chiseled beauty and, of course, your incomparable grace on ice.

"I want to act," you said. Well, you're acting in "Suspense" and you do a good

job, too. "Of course," you added, "it's Barry Sullivan's picture, much more than it is mine. You watch him—he's wonderful. *There's an actor.*" A nice modesty, and you meant it. But with all due respect to Mr. Sullivan's fine performance it's you we're watching. There's a lot more to the Belita personality than meets the camera eye. There's charm and humor, there's a solid background of British stamina, there's even, so help me, a pixie quality which supplies the spice of contrast to that rather haughty, statuesque stuff. In time the camera may catch it. Why doesn't Monogram dig up "The Green Hat" and star you in it, with modern trimmings? But meanwhile, Belita, don't throw away those skates.

Delight Evans

Charles Boyer



All the Charles Boyer charm comes back again to the screen as he stars in "Cluny Brown," opposite Jennifer Jones. Sparkling script, direction by Lubitsch, two such stars — how can this one miss?

Introducing—Celeste Holm, famous
original *Ado Annie* of "Oklahoma!"

in her first movie
interview, with exclusive
sidelights on her
recent romantic marriage

THIS IS THE WAY
IT WAS!

By Elizabeth B. Petersen



Closeup of Celeste, above, with her new husband, Schuyler Dunning; left, on the set of "Three Little Girls in Blue" with George Montgomery in her movie debut for Fox.



IT BEGAN at Beatrice Lillie's cocktail party in Paris at the Ritz exactly on V-J Day (but no one was sure because the official announcement had not been made) when everybody was celebrating because in just a matter of days now, maybe only hours, the war would be over for sure.

"That's Celeste Holm," someone said with that special inflection which meant, of course, everybody knows who she is.


The tall dark man with the Captain's bars on his shoulders took another look at the slender vivacious girl in the USO uniform. He'd liked her the moment he met her. He liked the way she looked, her hair a dark honey blonde, her eyes, the bluest eyes he'd ever seen, had a curious naïve, almost childlike quality. He liked the way she talked which was neither naïve nor childlike at all. She talked the way a writer writes, her words making pictures which made everything she said vivid and exciting.

"This is Celeste Holm," Bea Lillie had said a half hour or so ago, and then too there had been that implication that it was unnecessary to explain her any further until she saw the name didn't mean a thing to Captain Schuyler Dunning of the A.A.F. "Haven't you heard of 'Bloomer Girl' and 'Oklahoma!'" she asked.

Dunning had certainly heard of both of them, especially "Oklahoma!" Whenever he got a chance at the record player in the Officer's Club that was the album he usually picked. He liked *Oh What a Beautiful Morning* and the *Surrey with the Fringe on the Top* but the one he liked best of all he told them was *I Can't Say No*, sung by the girl called *Ado Annie*.

He couldn't understand why they laughed so hard at that. Because he didn't realize even then that Celeste Holm had taken New York by storm when she had created that rôle and that hers was the

(Please turn to page 74)




IRENE DUNNE

in

"ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM"

One of the most coveted rôles of the year goes to this gracious lady, one of the few Hollywood actresses who can wear modern or period clothes with equal grace.



It's a costly and lavish production, this 20th Century-Fox picturization of the best-selling book about the adventures of a gentle New England governess thrust into the barbaric splendor and intrigue of a Siamese court. Irene Dunne, left, in a scene with Richard Lyon (son of silent screen stars Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels).





IRENE DUNNE, held by many to be Hollywood's First Lady—on the screen and off—is noted for her devotion to her husband and to their adopted daughter, Mary Frances; for her interest in religion and charities—and for being one of America's best-dressed women. That latter facet, in so calm and unshowy a person, might surprise. It needn't! Miss Dunne is a convinced dresser-upper because she believes that at the five most important turning points of her life, the "right" dress proved decisive.

Scene 1. A gray-eyed nine-year-old, sitting between her black-mustachioed father and her blonde, serene mother in Louisville, Kentucky, her home town, sees a Chatauqua lecturer smile and hears him say, "Will you come up on the platform—you, the pretty little girl in the polka dot dress." The next few minutes blur with excitement and in after life she will never know whether in this, her

(Please turn to page 71)

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

Can a certain dress influence your future? Irene Dunne thinks so, and tells about the "five fateful dresses" in her life

LISTEN, GIRLS! Best-Dressed *Dunne* Describes "Fateful Dresses"



As star of "Anna and the King of Siam," Irene has a beloved rôle, with Rex Harrison playing opposite in his first American film. Next for Irene: rôle of Mother in "Life with Father," with William Powell. For this one, Irene will dye her hair red.



Loretta Young

"The Stranger" is Loretta Young's latest film, in which she appears with Edward G. Robinson and Orson Welles for International Pictures.



THIS IS WHAT I BELIEVE

By

Paul Henreid

"It is infinitely safer to discuss the private life of an actor or an octopus," says Henreid, "but no intelligent person can help having opinions on important subjects." So—here is Henreid, complete with his convictions



Above, Paul's wife, Lisl, visits "Of Human Bondage" set and Edmund Gwenn approves. Top, with co-star Eleanor Parker.



ALTHOUGH I have never given an interview with so much political and personal import, I have decided to comply with a request from the editor of SCREENLAND for my beliefs on such subjects as life, war and peace, immortality and religion. Any important subject these days must not be avoided. It is infinitely safer to discuss the private life of an actor or an octopus; but certainly at such a crucial moment in the world's history no intelligent person can help having opinions on the subjects which affect all of us. A great many of my interviews have been built around such subjects as the technique of romance, how to win a woman, or are

women here to stay! It is rather revolutionary for an actor who has talked mostly about much lighter subjects to be launched on a discussion of such profound subjects, but they are things we all think about, even when we don't talk about them. I have always admired people who spoke their minds with uncompromising honesty; I, too, shall try to be as honest as possible.

Life. I believe that justice is dispensed on earth, not necessarily by men, but by a divine force. I believe that eventually everyone gets his just deserts. I regard life as a giant wheel, which revolves continuously. The people who are on top of
(Please turn to page 83)



WHERE bobby-socks followings are concerned Robert Young has the edge on Frankie and Van. For while they may be displaced by a new King of Hearts at any time, Bob's position is secure. His bobby-socks crowd will never desert him. He's their father.

"I've got a houseful of dames," says Bob, and he's not fooling. He is the Lone Male in a household of nine (count 'em) women: his charming, red-haired wife

Betty, their four daughters, the family nurse who has been with them for ten years, a temporary nurse in charge of the newest Youngster, a cook, and mama-in-law who helps out on the servants' days off. "I haven't even a male dog or cat on my side," sums up Bob in mock misery. "Being the head of an all-girl enterprise, certainly conditions a man, though," he insists. "True, Betty and I had hoped for a large family. But we ex-

pected an assortment, not four of a kind! For years I planned for sons—visualized man-to-man talks, discussions of sports, games, hobbies we could share. I went further. Remembering my own dreams when I was a kid, of living on a ranch, with a horse to ride through wide open spaces, I bought a five-acre place in the San Fernando Valley, complete with saddle horses and trees to climb. Then I sat back and waited for the boys to arrive."

The happy Youngs—all six of 'em—devoted a whole day to posing for us at home. Frankly, we think these photos are the finest to come out of Hollywood in many a day. They portray, as no words could, the harmonious atmosphere of this truly American, deeply devoted household.

GIRL CRAZY

Who wouldn't be, says Robert Young, Hollywood's proudest husband and father, as he talks about his "five sweet-hearts" in this exclusive interview with new home photos

By Hattie Bilson





Bob sighs in wistful recollection. "And what did we get? Girls, girls and more girls! Instead of wide open spaces *they* needed to be within reach of dancing schools and music teachers! Instead of man-to-man talks I found myself all in-

volved with pinafores, ruffles and hair ribbons! The ranch in the Valley was swapped for a conservative house on a conservative street in Beverly Hills, with a back yard the size of a postage stamp!"

Actually he is crazy about his collection of females. Surrounded by four daughters, whether he's reading them the Sunday funnies or taking them for a whirl on the Griffith Park merry-go-round, he presents a picture of family life more appealing than any he has played on the screen. The girls resemble him closely,

from Carol Anne who is twelve, down to two-months-old Kathleen Joy. All four are distinguished by the same brown hair, same chin, same wonderful friendly smile. Bob's parental attitude is a joy to witness, a combination of chivalry and humor, courtliness and discipline that is positively endearing. "Got my greatest thrill the other evening seeing my oldest daughter in her first formal," says Bob.

It was on the occasion of a Friday night dance at Carol Anne's dancing school. Boys had been invited from another school. The girls were to wear long dresses. Excitement ran high at the

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Exclusive photos by
Rod Tolmie, RKO-Radio Pictures



First camera study of the very newest Youngster, Kathleen Joy, just two months old when this picture was taken. "True, Betty and I had hoped for a large family," grins Bob, "but we expected an assortment, not four of a kind!"

**DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.,**
as

"Sinbad The Sailor"



Back in pictures after five years in the U. S. Navy, Doug, Jr., plays swashbuckling title rôle in RKO's elaborate Technicolor production. Here are first, exclusive color photos showing Doug in full make-up and costume for "Sinbad The Sailor," and quite a dashing figure he cuts, too. You'll enjoy the interview with him on facing page.



HEADLINE HERO

Doug, Jr., has always been News—since his kid days he's copped the headlines; in wartime he was hero stuff. And now he's making movie news again

By Gladys Hall

COMMANDER DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., is, at long last, at home again. That's News!

After five years in the Navy, five years that covered him, as completely as a wall is papered, with campaign ribbons (6 decorations and citations "for gallantry and outstanding services" all of them for combat; none of them administrative) and 5 service and campaign medals with 6 "battle stars"—Douglas is back in Hollywood, making motion pictures. Following his release to inactive service, he is playing the starring rôle in RKO-Radio's Technicolor drama, "Sinbad the Sailor." That's News!

But Douglas has always been News. News with which, however, you bobby-soxers may not be familiar since, having enlisted almost a year before Pearl Harbor, Douglas has not made a picture for more than five years ("Corsican Brothers," released in 1941, was his last) or before you were aware of Van Johnson and autograph albums, The Voice, let alone of the other and less recent heroes and heroines of the Hollywood scene.

As a youngster, Douglas was News because he was the son of his famous father, Douglas, Senior, who wrote mo-
(Please turn to page 88)

Doug, Jr., and wife Mary Lee at home, with Doug, Sr.'s portrait hanging above the fireplace. Far right, Fairbanks confers with RKO exec William Dozier on "Sinbad the Sailor."





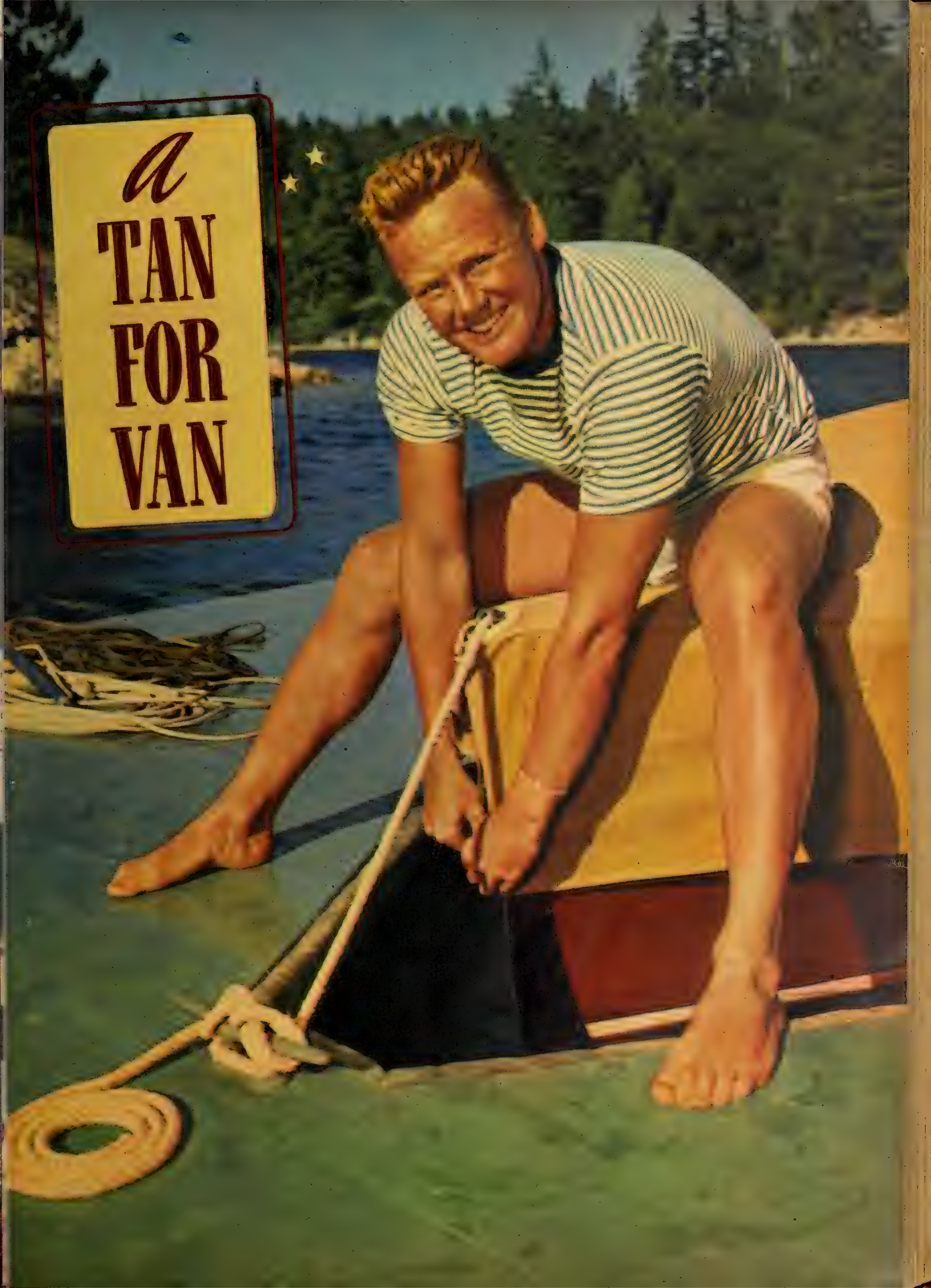
It's no sun lamp that gives Van Johnson that robust and healthy look, but the real unadulterated article. Whenever his studio bosses can spare him, Van's off to soak up some sun until the next shooting schedule starts. Latest item for Johnson fans, "No Leave, No Love," presents the big boy with a new heroine, lovely Pat Kirkwood, and features funny fellow Keenan Wynn.



Color photos by Clarence S. Bull, MGM



A
**TAN
FOR
VAN**





Gentleman Adventurer



**Back in Hollywood
after six years,
David Niven finds a
warm welcome, sure to be
echoed by fans when they see
him in "The Perfect Marriage"**

By Laird A. Wood

WHEN David Niven was five years old his father led a sacrificial landing party of the Highland Light Infantry—"The Ladies from Hell"—up Sulva beach in the Dardanelles. The Turks had strung barbed wire even under water, and the Highland Light's bright tartans made shining targets.

That small boy, who would not see his father again, grew up to be one of the most colorful men of this century. In Hollywood, where many have aped and pretended, he is recognized as a true gentleman adventurer. When he returned, a lieutenant-colonel, to the film capital, after nearly six years' active service in World War II, his welcome was as warm as was the two-weeks' going-away party when he left for war. Besides three British decorations, the homecomer is one of twenty-five members of the British armed services



★
He left from "Raffles," re-begins in movies in Hal Wallis' "The Perfect Marriage." Above, latest portrait of Niven the civilian. Left, reminiscent of his former comedy rôles—re-member that wry expression? Far left, the Lieutenant Colonel Niven who was one of the twenty-five members of the British armed service, including Field Marshals Montgomery and Alexander, receive the American Legion of Merit medal.





Around the "Perfect Marriage" set, the popular Niven with Virginia Field, left, director and co-star Loretta Young, above, and comedienne Zasu Pitts, right.



—including Field Marshals Montgomery and Alexander—to have the American Legion of Merit. He also has gaiety, a perpetual sense of humor, and love of people. Everyone loves him. (He left from "Raffles," re-begins in Hollywood in the Hal Wallis production, "The Perfect Marriage.")

David, blue-eyed, brown-haired, was born in Kirriemuir, Scotland, and soon after his father's death began to annoy

briefly a succession of schools, his "career" being marked by total lack of mathematical knack and an avid penchant for pranks. As an example of the latter, he invented the half-brick game. "You wangle a seat near the window; then you smuggle in two half bricks. You sit with one in each hand under the desk. Flip! You throw one brick

through the (closed) window and, at the same time, roll the other along the floor. While you do this you duck and your eyes follow the floor-thumping brick, registering horror. 'Someone's heaved a brick through the window!'

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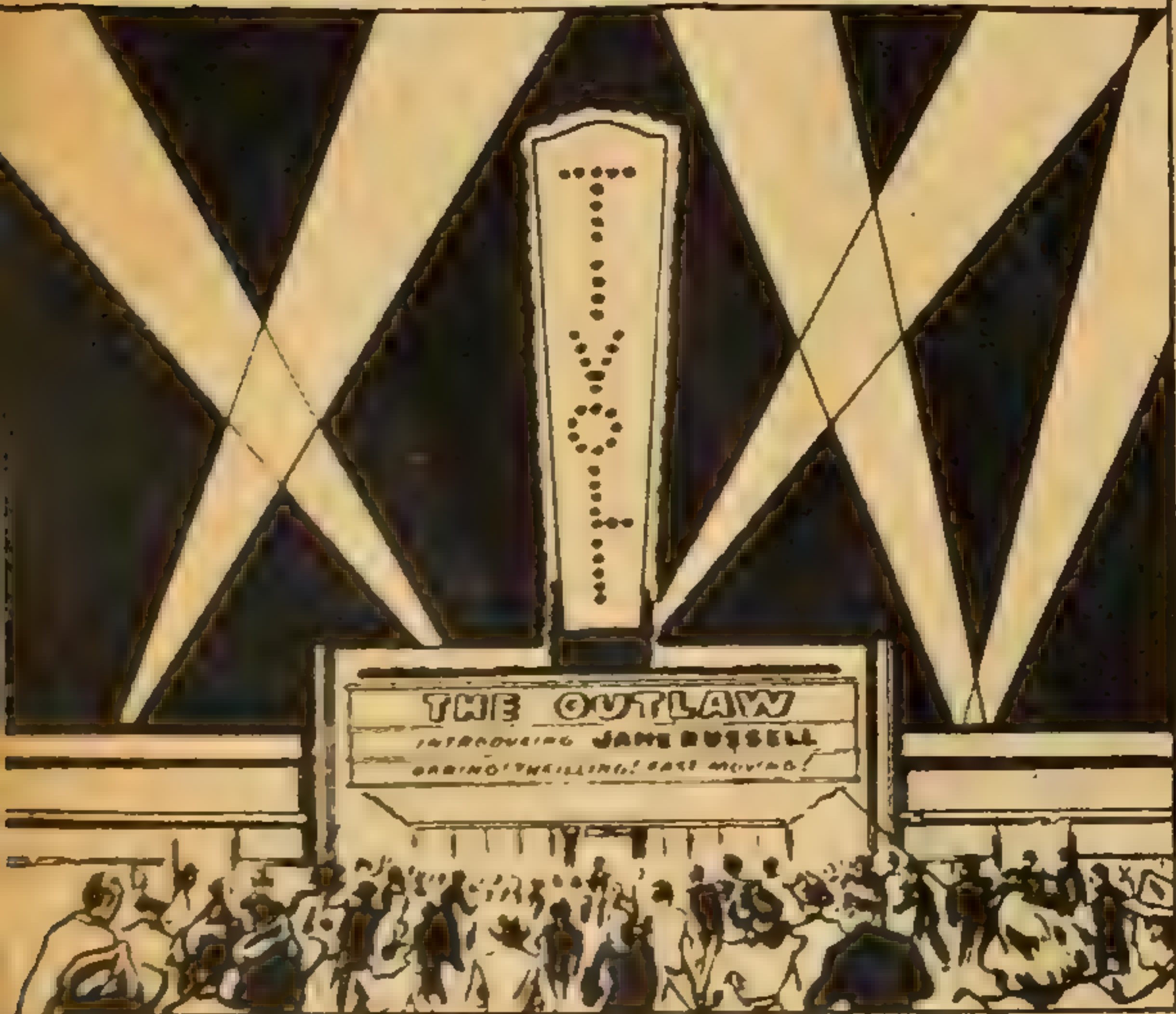
About as much privacy as in a goldfish bowl, this marital scene between Niven and Loretta Young, as director Lewis Allen rehearses them. Interesting sidelight: nine years ago, when David first visited Hollywood, he was the house guest of Loretta, her sister, Sally Blane, and their mother. David, as a matter of fact, asked Loretta's advice as to how to get into the movies.



The Outlaw

HERE'S WHY THIS
THRILLING NEW PICTURE
HAS BEEN KEPT OFF THE
SCREEN FOR TWO YEARS!

JUNE, 1944-THE OUTLAW WORLD
PREMIERE IS HELD AT SAN FRAN-
CISCO. THE PICTURE BREAKS
EVERY EXISTING RECORD!!
HELD OVER FOR 8 WEEKS!
PLAYS TO MORE THAN
300,000 PEOPLE!!



I'M GOING TO FIGHT THIS
BATTLE TO THE FINISH
AND MAKE SURE THAT
THE PUBLIC SEES MY
PICTURE EXACTLY AS I
MADE IT!

THE OUTLAW
INTRODUCING **JANE RUSSELL**
DARING! THRILLING! FAST MOVING!



1944-HOWARD HUGHES, WORLD
FAMOUS FLYER AND MOTION
PICTURE PRODUCER, COMPLETES
HIS PICTURE THE OUTLAW.



THE OUTLAW IS TRIGGER-
FAST ACTION COMBINED WITH
DARING SENSATION TOO
STARTLING TO DESCRIBE!

HOWARD HUGHES DISCOVERED
JEAN HARLOW, PAUL MUNI,
GEORGE RAFT, AND PAT O'BRIEN.
NOW, IN THE OUTLAW, HE
PRESENTS HIS SENSATIONAL
NEW STAR DISCOVERY—
JANE RUSSELL



THEN...THE OUTLAW IS BANNED
BY THE CENSORS! BUT RATHER
THAN CUT A SINGLE SCENE FROM
THE FILM, HOWARD HUGHES
WITHDRAWS IT FROM THE
THEATRES OF THE WORLD



NOW, AT LAST, AFTER A TWO YEAR'S FIGHT WITH THE CENSORS
HOWARD HUGHES BRINGS YOU HIS DARING PRODUCTION
THE OUTLAW...EXACTLY AS IT WAS FILMED...NOT A SCENE
CUT...AND INTRODUCING A NEW STAR, JANE RUSSELL.



Virginia Van Upp, top producer at Columbia Studio, is one of the very few women to have achieved that position in the picture-making business. First a child star, Virginia became successively a reader, script girl, cutter, scenarist, producer. Above, scenes from some of her outstanding screen success: Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in "Together Again," Lee Bowman and Jean Arthur in "The Impatient Years," Rosalind Russell and Lee Bowman in "She Wouldn't Say Yes," Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford in "Gilda"—with Rita in first dramatic rôle.

school graduate's. By the time she was fourteen, she had "retired" from her acting career and had started working as assistant casting director at Brunton, which is now Paramount.

The key and tipoff to Virginia Van Upp's success is that she has been working all her life. Today, as Hollywood's foremost woman producer, she is often asked to speak to college students on motion picture producing and writing technique. "They always expect me to present them with some magic formula for success," says Virginia. "I sometimes feel they experience a letdown when I tell them my only advice on getting to the top is to *work twice as hard as you are paid to work*." This has been Virginia's design for living ever since she was a round-faced, delightful little imp of child-actress days. To date, her method has been notably successful.

Hard work is the answer. But that doesn't mean that Virginia didn't have a Plan. It was basically sound, applicable to any type of business. You've heard of it before: begin at the bottom and work up. Only Virginia began earlier than most. Her early experience before a camera was the beginning. It made her familiar with the workaday world of movie making. Hollywood never awed her, even as a child. Then, because her mother was also in the picture business, it

seemed only natural to follow suit. Nor did it seem unusual to Virginia to take over the job of assistant casting director at Brunton when she was only fourteen. She was there two years, then moved over to MGM in the same capacity. She was an actors' agent, a reader, a script girl. And then she married.

Of this marriage, which failed, Virginia has little to say. It was followed by a divorce. By that time, Virginia was the proud mother of a lovely little girl. Right then, with a daughter, a mother, a grandmother, and a St. Bernard to support, Virginia's plan began to take shape. She decided to become a writer. "Maybe it sounds smug," she explains today, "but that's exactly what I did. I looked around at the world and asked myself, 'What kind of a job can a woman hold after she has gray hair and is fat?' I decided she

could write. So I just went about it, quite phlegmatically. First, I held script so I would get a feeling of camera, then I was a film cutter."

Young, with an expressive, vital, glowing face, old age and gray hair shouldn't have influenced Virginia except that hers was a long range plan. She was determined to avoid any career that would fade with the years. Therefore, she went about learning her profession with un-

(Please turn to page 91)

Exclusive photos by
Coburn, Columbia



An office ritual is afternoon coffee for Virginia Van Upp, busy producer. Left, she confers with Glenn Ford, co-star of her picture, "Gilda." Then she discusses a new film to follow "Gilda" with Ralph W. Nelson, her partner at work as well as at home. She's the very happy Mrs. Nelson.

EDDIE BRACKEN'S a born planner. His first outraged yelp at the doctor's brisk smack on his tender rear-end was merely an expression of his initial plan. He was telling the world he'd never be buffeted by life again.

There's a lot of difference between a dreamer and a planner. The dreamer's air-castle rests on a cloud and disappears with the first cold wind. The vision of the planner's finished edifice is clear in his mind as he sweats with pick and shovel at the rock foundation.

All Eddie's plans work; they're laid out

that way, so why shouldn't they? But it's when he tells quite seriously of his five-year plan about having his children that mouths fall open and eyes pop.

"Oh, yes," he says—and he's not kidding. "Connie and I decided to have five children, one right after the other. We've had three so far on schedule, so there are just two to go. Simple arithmetic."

There's Judith Ann (her name was picked out by Connie and Eddie even before they were married) who's three-and-a-half. Next came Caroline Jean, a year and five weeks, and Michael Edward,

their first boy, born November 19, 1945.

The planned names for the next two, still only thoughts for the future, are Barbara Jean and David Vincent. And those amazing Brackens wouldn't care a bit if one of these turned out to be twins or there were an unplanned sixth arrival after the quota was filled.

But, blithe and assured as all this seems at first glance, tragedy almost wrecked it. A pitifully short time after Eddie and Connie were married, they were in an automobile smash-up. Connie was so badly hurt she wasn't expected to live.

EDDIE BRACKEN'S *5-Year Plan*

By Judith-Ann Perrie



There's a lot of difference between a dreamer and a planner. Here's an example, by Bracken, of what planning a life can do for all of you

★
Eddie, star of "Ladies' Man," seems to be trying to belie the title as he struggles from Cass Daley's clutches. It's just good, clean fun on Paramount set.
★



Irrepressible Eddie cuts up a few hot touches with dancer Johnny Coy between scenes of "Ladies' Man," in which they appear with Virginia Welles, Cass Daley, Spike Jones' band.



A shadow of his agony in those dark hours crossed Eddie's face as he told me about it. "When the doctor gave up hope, he said for me to go in and tell her she was going to die. But when I was there beside her I couldn't do it. All that had happened to me in the accident was a cut on my ear—just a scratch—and she was worrying about *that*!"

When Eddie failed in something so impossible for him to do, the superintendent of the hospital tried to tell Connie how bad things were for her, but she didn't even hear him. She simply wouldn't accept what he was trying to tell her. The cut on Eddie's ear was still more important than her chance for life.

"Then, like a miracle, in just a few days she began to improve," Eddie went on, a subtle movement of his hands showing more than words the hope he had felt—and, quickly, another despair. "When they saw she wasn't going to die, they dared break the news to her that she might never walk again. She had a broken pelvis and injuries to her back. But I don't think Connie even heard that. All she worried about was whether she'd ever be able to have children."

The fulfillment of the beautiful, rosy Five-Year Plan looked impossible—to everyone but Connie. She didn't even notice the definite verdict that she might—and only by the most optimistic diagnosis—*perhaps* walk with the labored steps of a cripple in two years.

Connie's magnificent spirit that had denied the presence of Death at her very side, took her hand and lead her away from an almost certain Fate. She *walked*

in three months after the accident.

When Judith Ann announced her arrival after the usual interval, Connie calmly mentioned to Eddie that this was it. Eddie leaped to the door to bring the car around—good Heavens, what if he didn't get her to the hospital in time!

"No, no—there's no hurry," says Connie. (Please turn to page 68)

Virginia Welles—doesn't she resemble Joan Fontaine?—competes with studio makeup man Don Donaldson trying to pretty up Eddie. Below, melodious (?) moment as Bracken joins Spike Jones and company.



You know her as a fine
dramatic actress.
Now meet her as
a devoted mother—
with modern ideas
about bringing up
a small boy

By
Constance
Palmer

Here, at left, is
the glamorous
sonality of "Mr.
and the Queen"
Benedict Boge
United Artists
in which she en
the rôle of a C
gresswoman at
tious to beco
Governor of
state, bucking
tough political
played by Ge
Raft. Above,
tured also in
Searching Wi
new Hal Wallis
duction for P
mount, she mo
an exquisite
ter Florell

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S BEST BEAU



Photos by
Hal Wallis Productions,
Paramount



At home with Jody, her six-year-old son, Sylvia Sidney dismisses all thoughts of studio work, devotes herself to the care of her son—a musical prodigy, by the way; he's been taking piano lessons for two years.

As a matter of fact, Jody needn't worry; his mother's a fine actress whose work is the breath of life to her. If she comes home tired at night, it's a tiredness that's good, a tiredness that comes from a job well done. And Jody is part of a perfect pattern.

When I mentioned having heard she had a remarkable little boy, Miss Sidney looked at me as if I were slightly balmy. She simply doesn't think her Jody is precocious or cute or unusual or handsome. She declares that what with baby teeth being dropped hither (Please turn to page 77)

any more!" he declared firmly. Then his face fell and he stared at his mother in angry frustration. "But I'm not growing up fast enough!"

WHEN a little boy's just six, it's hard sometimes to fit a famous mother into the pattern of other mothers. Jody Adler's not the one, though, to ask a lot of silly questions. Mornings he'd watch Sylvia Sidney leave the house before seven. Nights he'd wait to go to sleep until she came home long after eight. She'd sit beside him and listen as he told her the events of the day. Then she'd hear his prayers and kiss him goodnight.

She was sometimes very tired and Jody thought about it a good deal. Finally he decided to face the issue.

"Mother, where do you go so early in the morning?"

"Why. I go to work!"

"What for?"

"For money, dear, so that you and Birdie and Socrates and I can have a house to live in and clothes to wear and something to eat."

Jody's mouth set firmly and he squared his small shoulders. "I shall go to work for that money so you won't have to



Guy simulates sleep in his Beverly Hills bedroom for our cameraman. Actually, he is an early riser due to his Navy training, and if he had a studio call today he'd be leaping up, as indicated in closeup below.



When he's working, even in such a puppy-love scene as above, Guy is a conscientious worker, ambitious to please as Director Dmytryk guides him through sequence with Jean Porter at RKO.

*Exclusive photos by
Floyd J. Hopkins*

Life with Guy

Madison

"Just mad—mad—
mad about Madison!"
That's the cry of the
hep-cats (and their
older sisters) who
keep writing in about
this big blond boy. So
here we're showing
you the latest on how
he looks, acts, at
home and at work





Guy still keeps some of his belongings in his Navy seabag. Hasn't gone Hollywood—yet.



The Madison looks and the Mitchum talent compete for honors in "Till The End of Time."



Washing your car in the sun, Guy? Don't you know that's bad for the finish, boy? (But makes for a good camera shot.) Left above and lower right, Madison with Jean Porter, fellow jitterbug in his new film. Center below, an old Madison custom, sugarbowl bank.





Harold Lloyd

Never Retired



Lloyd, left above, as he looked seven years ago; right, as he looks today. Not so much changed, at that. Left, in "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock," the Preston Sturges comedy which Lloyd refuses to call his "comeback."

"I'm not retiring, and I'll never make a comeback!"
says Lloyd, starring in his first picture in seven years. "I may be doing my next one with a long beard and creaky joints, but I'll wait until the right story shows up, as I did this time." **Exclusive interview with the screen's perennial comedian**

By Barry Farrar

HAROLD LLOYD is probably the only actor who ever left the screen without retiring and who will return without making a comeback!

It sounds a bit complicated but it's actually as simple as the bespectacled character the comedian created and parleyed into a sizeable fortune in a series of feature-length comedies. To do a thing like that you've got to have something, you'll admit, and during the couple afternoons I spent with Harold on the set of "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock," his first picture in seven years, I made a stab at trying to find out what that something is.

In one sense I discovered that Harold is the perennial comedian because he's so dead serious about his work. And then, on the other hand, I saw him as a plain, honest-to-goodness human being—say a business man, like the insurance broker who lives across the street from me or the merchant who owns the house



next door. That money doesn't seem to make too much difference to him—only I'm sure it's nice to have.

My editor asked me to get the low-down on Lloyd for the plain reason that an entirely new generation doesn't know him from Adam. Many of the old generation have also lost track of him, or it has been so long since they have read anything about him that he is only a dim, comic memory of more pleasant pre-war days. In short, this interview was for the purpose of checking up on the old and catching up with the *new* Lloyd.

Harold straightened me out in a hurry when I said something about his coming out of retirement. And he was equally as ready with an answer when I used the word "comeback."

"You just wait and see," he said, "there will be a lot of talk between now and when 'Diddlebock' is released about my coming out of retirement. There will also be many references to the picture as my 'comeback' film. In both cases the users of these terms will be wrong. I never retired from pictures and I'm *not* making a comeback. I merely waited seven years for the right script to come along, and I think this one is it."

I thought about what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina—"It's a long time between drinks"—but then these two gents didn't have Harold's bankroll and they weren't in the picture business. That's the advantage Lloyd had over a lot of actors, governors, and everybody else. He

possessed enough do-re-mi to wait until the right opportunity came along.

"The fact is," said Harold, "I'm even doing this rôle by accident, as right as I think it is for me. When Preston Sturges and Howard Hughes formed the California Pictures Corporation, Preston got in touch with me with the idea that I might direct one of the comedy properties the company owned. In our discussions I mentioned that I had been looking for a picture for myself for seven years. Preston outlined an idea he had and the first thing I knew I was out in front of the camera, making 'The Sin of Harold Diddlebock,' instead of back of one directing."

This picture is only Lloyd's sixteenth feature-length film, but he is known throughout the world for his one and two-reel comedies made early in his career. That career was one that took him
(Please turn to page 93)



Harold's corny comedy is evident in scenes (top left and right) from new film. Top center, Iturbi visits set and charms the lion (real) who works with Harold in picture. Above, producer-director Sturges and star Lloyd with new heroine, Frances Ramsden.



Family group: Harold with his wife Mildred, his leading lady in silent days, and daughter Gloria. Right, Harold and Frances Ramsden, present leading lady.



That's a kiss, hon! Those two authorities on osculation, John Hodiak and Lucille Ball, give a demonstration in MGM's forthcoming "Two Smart People." First, the clutch — note that they don't bother with the traditional pucker-up. Then — the clinch. Finally — the mission accomplished, with kissee Lucille still reeling, kisser Hodiak smiling — can it be complacently?



Photo Previews



Linda Darnell as a slant-eyed harem siren in "Anna and the King of Siam" may turn out to be the sensation of the new 20th Century-Fox picture, even with Irene Dunne and Rex Harrison in the cast. So the Hollywood grapevine has it



**If you want to keep
ahead of the Hollywood
scene, consult these pages
of advance views of the
very best new offerings
from the studios**

Van, the Man, has two luscious ladies angling for him in "Easy to Wed," but though he plays hard to get he really hasn't a chance what with the flaming redhead Lucille Ball and the form-divine Esther Williams on his trail. To end the suspense, Esther wins Johnson, but not before a series of hilarious scenes, including one with Van trying out his voice—well, he calls it singing, anyway. With him in the scene at far left are Miss Ball and Grant Mitchell.





Pucker-up! Unlike Lucille Ball and John Hodiak on preceding pages, Ella Raines and Rod Cameron prefer the time-honored eyes-closed, lips-puckered technique in Universal's "The Runaround." Our advance information doesn't say who gets the runaround from whom, but five will get you ten it won't b

MORE

Photo Previews

"Three Little Girls in Blue": June Haver, Vivian Blaine, and Vera-Ellen. June, at right, shares scenes with George Montgomery (it's his comeback picture) and Frank Latimore.





left above, that amiable British actor and gentleman, Rex Harrison, is now in Hollywood making movies; but before he left his native England, he de a picture called "Notorious Gentleman," with Jean Kent. At right above, Joan Davis with Mischa Auer and Jack Oakie in "Lulu Takes a Holiday."

New Abbott-Costello comedy, "The Ghost Steps Out," has pretty Marjorie Reynolds as heroine (below). Right, Connie Moore in the arms of Henry Daniels, Jr., for Republic's "In Old Sacramento" feature.



Cheers—Ann Sheridan is back! Warners present her with Dennis Morgan in "One More Tomorrow." Alexis Smith, left, is the menace.



Above, typical Jolson pose, by Larry Parks, in Columbia's "The Story of Jolson," with Evelyn Keyes, co-star, in a dancing mood.

VACATION CLOTHES

according to

**ALEXIS
SMITH**

And here's a gal who knows
her clothes! Hand-picked
fashions from Alexis' own
resort wardrobe

Clothes for fun in the sun should be gay,
says Alexis. At left, she lives up to her con-
victions in this off-white print frock with
bands of brilliant red edging the front clos-
ing and skirt, which is slashed at either side.



Black and white stripes make a gay S
frock, topped with a huge cartwheel ac
with dotted veiling. From Saks Bever



★
Star of Warners' "One More Tomorrow," Alexis Smith selects her favorite play suit to model for us, left. The long-sleeved blouse of aquamarine and white striped rayon may be combined with white shark-skin shorts or the nicely cut skirt. From DeDe Johnson.

★
Exclusive photos by
Welbourne, Warner Bros.



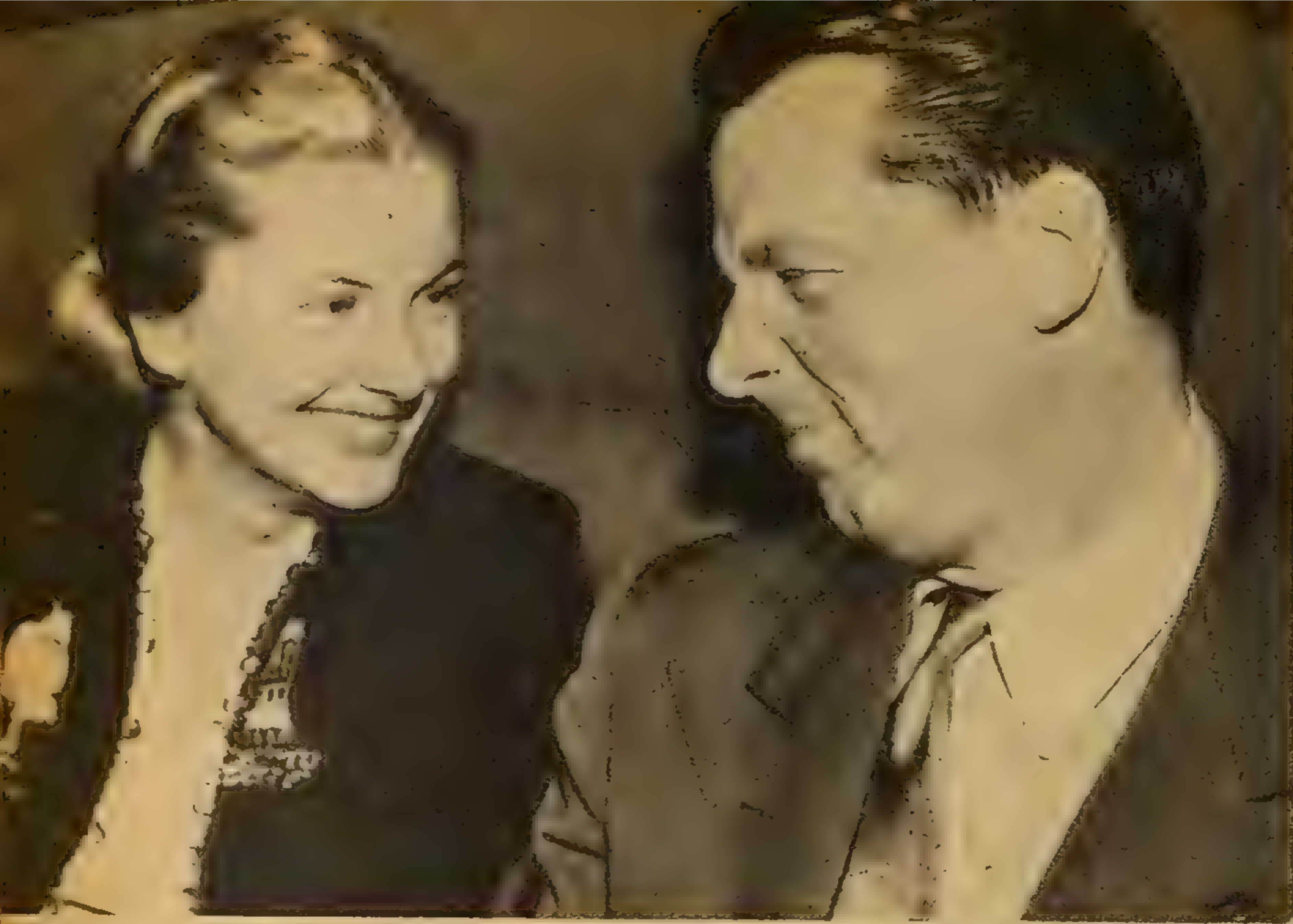
Brown and white print, styled with an unusual flange drape, fashions this becoming two-piece dress which Alexis enhances with long brown jersey gloves and saucy burnt-toast straw sailor.



Black and white for the beach, always dramatic and daring and especially smart with white pique edging as carried out in this suit from Catalina. The shorts have an apron front and back.



Lounge pajamas of black jersey trousers have a deep U-necked bare midriff top, which is reversible, showing black and white stripes on one side, and green and white on reverse.



A happy Joan Fontaine laughs at her brand-new husband, William Dozier, studio executive, as he grimaces at cameramen invading their tête-à-tête. They spent honeymoon in Mexico.



Cary Grant and his usual charming companion, Betty Hensel, are still being seen around town together—status still quo. Cary recently made flying trip to England on business deal with Alexander Korda.

TIME marches on! The usually retiring Bing Crosby came home one evening, handed his wife a long list of carefully selected names and asked her to invite them all to a party. And quite a party it was, with the ol' groaner himself really enjoying the house filled with laughter and music. For such a state occasion, Bing even made a greater concession and wore a necktie!

VAN JOHNSON, beaming like a schoolboy, wore a new dinner jacket to a Hollywood party. Cary Grant winked at Jimmy Stewart and Jimmy winked at Cesar Romero. Then the boys went to work on Van. "Don't you think that double-breasted coat makes you look too heavy?" inquired Cary. "Seems to me the shoulders are padded too much," observed Jimmy seriously. "I thought short coats were out," was Cesar's comment. Looking a perfect picture of misery, when last seen Van was in front of a mirror in the little boys' room—surveying himself ruefully!

UNDER her present legal name, Lucille L. Kormann, Joan Crawford filed suit for divorce from her third husband, Phillip Terry. Their two adopted children, Christina and Phillip the third (now called Christopher), will remain with Joan. Contrary to Hollywood gossip, like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Franchot Tone (Joan's former husbands), Phillip remains her friend and admirer. It's an old Hollywood tradition that many other stars have followed.

EVERY working day for exactly ten months, Jane Wyman reported to MGM for "The Yearling." Clarence Brown, the director, predicts that Jane's will be one of the finest performances in years. In the meantime, a new and very modified Jane Wyman is in our midst. Gone are the blonde curls and the saucy manners. Jane's more serious about life, what with a son and daughter to raise, to say nothing of a new dramatic career on her pretty hands. From crying so much and working so hard in "The Yearling," Jane came close to developing a stomach ulcer. So now she eats especially prepared foods and rests every lunch hour in her dressing room.

THE surprise birthday party Anne Baxter planned for John Hodiak was a surprise all right. But not for John! He got back from location early and walked in on Anne when she was just arranging the placecards. Being a good guy, he made a second entrance when the guests arrived and gave an Academy Award per-



Shirley Temple dances with her husband, John Agar, at her 18th birthday party. At right, Adolphe Menjou, James Dunn, Franchot Tone and Director Dave Butler congratulate.



Here's



Ben Gage and Esther Williams, making it a foursome with Cary Grant and Betty Hensel, indulge in husbandly and wifely scene at a popular nightspot.



Here's that very busy favorite, Greg Peck, and his wife. He's been spending working hours in "Duel in the Sun," "The Yearling," "The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Both are busy making plans for a little Peck.

Hollywood

**Gossip by
Weston East**

formance. Anne is now wearing his engagement ring—an intricate leaf pattern that matches the wedding ring she's scheduled to wear in June.

SIN and corruption has hit a new low in Hollywood! We were on the set of "The Razor's Edge" and just "happened" to be standing next to the telephone where Tyrone Power was talking. He was calling Cesar Romero, the Henry Fondas, the Zachary Scotts and the Fred MacMurrays. With our own astonished ears we heard Ty invite them to, of all things, a *croquet* party! It's the newest rage in Hollywood. They play it English style, with one goal post in the center. Yes, Hollywood keeps getting wilder and wilder!

THEM what has, gets! And Sonja Henie is getting plenty for the rental of her polar palace, where Columbia is shooting a sequence for "Down to Earth" with Rita Hayworth and Marc Platt. The icy atmosphere is necessary in order to get

cloud effects, from dry ice and wind machines. There will also be some sensational dance numbers in this picture. With Rita as his lovely partner, Marc Platt, brilliant ballet dancer of "Oklahoma!" fame, really outdoes himself. For the movies, he has everything.

SPEAKING of Sonja Henie reminds us that John Dall alternates between dating her and Jane Withers. Which, from where we're sitting, is *some* alternating. John, by the way, isn't too happy at Warner Bros. They insisted he leave the stage cast of "The Hasty Heart," return immediately to Hollywood, then offered him a third lead and a colorless one. This to follow the brilliant performance he gave playing opposite Bette Davis in "The Corn is Green." Too bad such talent shouldn't be given careful and worthwhile grooming.



It's a big cake, but Shirley's Jack is there to help her cut it. At left, the highlight of the party on RKO "Mexican Honeymoon" set is the burning of schoolhouse in effigy. Fun, huh?





Center of attraction wherever he goes is that Gable Grin. Here's the man himself with Elizabeth Chisholm.



It looked like a romance, for a while, when Tony Martin began to squire Ida Lupino on several important dates.



Virginia Hunter, still his favorite girl, attends a premiere in Hollywood with her favorite beau, Hurd Hatfield.



A meditatively smiling Lana Turner dances with her on-again-off-again romance, Charles "Pete" Jaeger, a radio executive.



Stirling Hayden, Paramount star recently returned to Hollywood from the armed forces, makes a date with Evelyn Keyes. Stirling is currently being divorced from Madeleine Carroll, who says she's not coming back to movies.

IRONICAL that the day Mrs. Tom Drake filed suit for separate maintenance (she asked for \$1,650 a month alimony), her ex-husband, Michael Ames, made the best acting test of his career at Warner Bros. A contract, and a lucrative one, is in the offing.

WHEN a friend presented Margaret O'Brien with a Great Dane-size dog house, he was supposed to be doing her a favor. But not the way little Maggie's Mom looks at it. Her famous daughter insisted on sleeping there, along with her two pet pups. Finally she agreed to compromise and wait until the weather was warmer. Now Mrs. O'Brien is trying to think up another excuse.

DETERMINED there shall be no spare time for self-pity, Susan Peters and Richard Quine recently adopted a ten-day-old son. Typical of the misfortune that has dogged Susan's talented footsteps, just before the baby and his nurse arrived from the east, the Quines were evicted from their Malibu Beach home. Undaunted, Susan hung on the phone until she located a small but attractive apartment in Beverly Hills. Until they can find a larger place, they're jammed into two rooms. A happier little family we defy you to find!

WHAT would you do if you were a Hollywood hostess? When the Jack Bennys gave a knockout dinner party, all the cinema great turned out in best bib and tucker. One of their guests was a very rich and well-known independent producer. While everyone else wine and dined and danced to the six-piece orchestra, said producer calmly sat by the telephone putting in calls to New York. The Bennys knew about it. Being perfect hosts they said nothing.

OVER at RKO they were searching for an actress to play Brian Aherne's mother in "What Nancy



Elizabeth Taylor tests the quality of beards during radio rehearsals for the Screen Guild Theater's radio version of "Home in Indiana," the 20th Century-Fox film. Both Lon McCallister and Walter Brennan seem to like comparison.

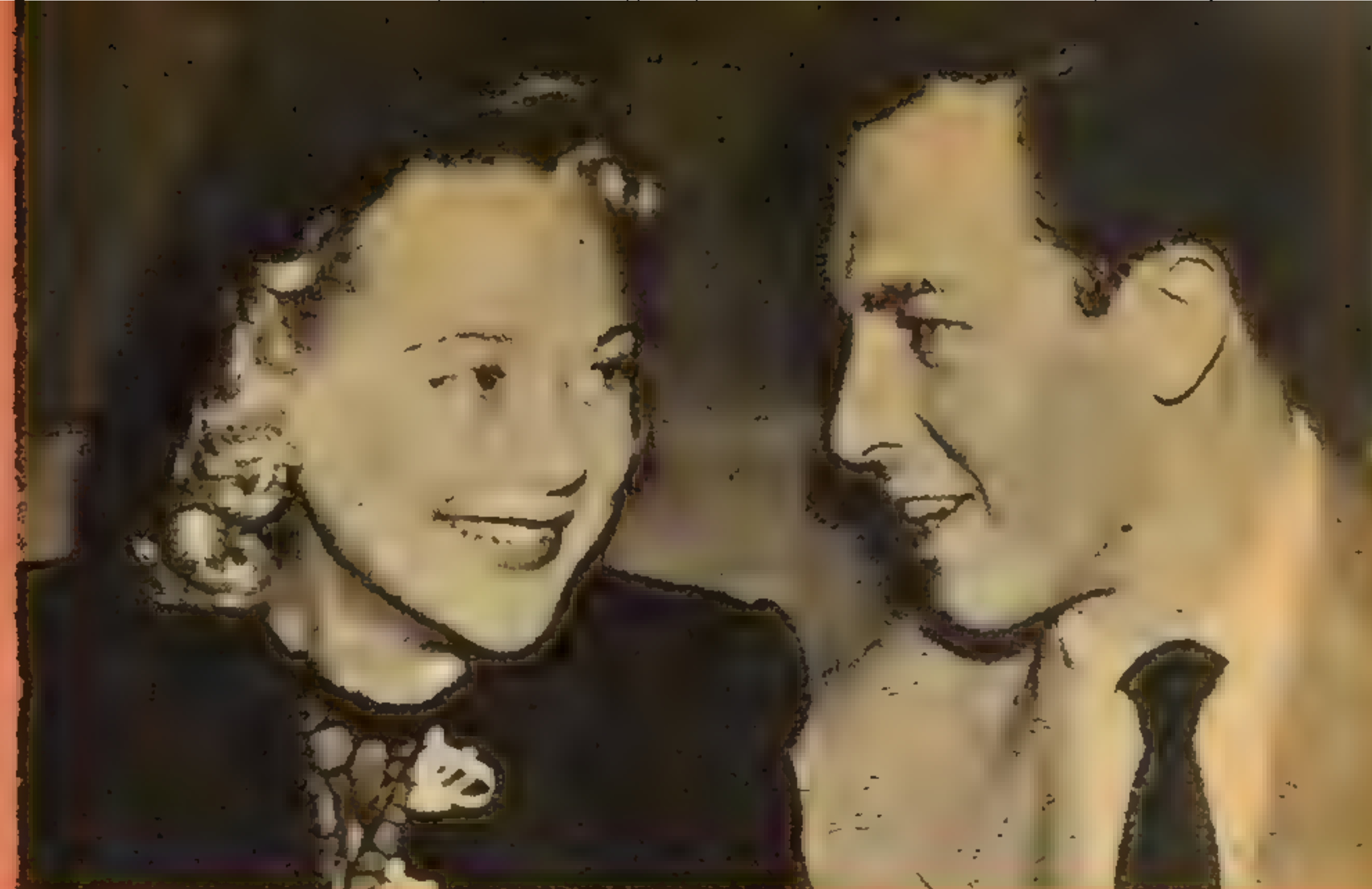
Wanted." When the casting office suggested Lillian Fontaine, who just happens to be Brian's ex-mother-in-law (she's Joan and Olivia's mammy) everyone expected him to hit the ceiling. Instead he welcomed the idea with enthusiasm. She was right for the part. Besides, they had so much to talk about between scenes! It could *only* happen in Hollywood.

ALL THE success in the world will never make up for the agony suffered by Mark Stevens during his recent spinal operation. An old injury, the result of slipping on a diving board when he was a kid, caused the damage. To add to his misery (and expense), finding a place large enough for the expected Stevens heir's nursery is completely out of the question. So Mark himself is paying to have an extra room and bath added on to his small rented apartment.

JOSEPH COTTEN is a gent what changes his mind. So Franchot Tone stepped in and took over the rôle in "Honeymoon in Mexico." The day we were on the set, all our sympathy went out to Franchot, an excellent actor and one who has put in many years getting his experience. Guy Madison, not his fault because his part is much too big and important for a newcomer, just couldn't give his lines the proper meaning. Over and over they took the scene. Franchot couldn't have been more patient and understanding.

THE DAY they finished shooting "Humoresque," John Garfield celebrated the end of his seven years in Hollywood, as well as the termination of his original seven-year Warner Bros. contract. From now on John will freelance, but he was still deeply touched when he told everyone goodbye. Incidentally, in this picture Joan Crawford comes to a dramatic end. In a tight-fitting beaded evening gown, she walks out into the sea and drowns herself. Watching them shoot it was really dramatic!

Gloria DeHaven, one of the newest glamoths of film-land, chats with Diana Lynn and Henry Willson, rumored engaged.



Sonja Henie is certainly getting around these days. Above, she dates John Dall; below, with Van Johnson.



Van is still the popular young man around town. Here he's photographed with lovely Sonja Henie



—And here he is again—yes, again—with the ravishing Jacqueline Dalya wearing delightful frou-frou hat.

The Hollywood scene: at right, our cameraman snaps David Street and Marguerite Chapman enjoying a date at Ciro's; another night, another date: it's Greg Bautzer who escorts the pretty Columbia star. Below, Jack Carson's tie speaks for itself—but too loudly for Betty Grable's lovely ears.



VISITING a friend in the hospital recently, imagine Weston East's surprise to learn that Ingrid Bergman's little daughter, Pia, was right in the next room. Not a word had reached the papers, due to the Bergman determination to keep her private life private. While playing with some neighborhood children, Pia twisted her neck. It was painful but not serious.

HEDY LAMARR'S recent robbery was a strange trick of fate. Actually, Hedy never wears much jewelry. So instead of insuring her precious possessions, she kept them in the vault. The only reason they were removed was to use them in one scene for "The Strange Woman." They were to be returned to the vault the morning following the night her home was robbed. All indications made it look like an inside job.

SO SURE was Hollywood that Joan Crawford would win the Oscar, one of her friends made a bet of \$5,000. When he won he threw Joan a party with half the money, the other half went to charity. Everyone turned out for it. Joan was so happy that Dinah Shore's impromptu love songs really got her. Joanie flew to the powder room to dry her eyes before the tears splashed down on the lovely gown she had bought for the occasion.

SEEMS to us that June Haver's awfully young and new in the picture business to have ulcers. But have 'em she did, very tiny and not very serious. A week in the hospital with the proper treatment and she was all pretty and pert again. Bob Hutton and Farley Granger (recently discharged from the Navy) kept Junie's room bustin' out all over with buds.

ONLY RED SKELTON would dream up this one. At the Hollywood premiere of "Ziegfeld Follies," while a battery of cameramen were frantically trying to photograph the galaxy of stars, Red calmly took his own camera out of his pocket and proceeded to shoot pictures of the thousands of fans who were in the spectators' bleachers. They *loved* it!

THOSE happy Hollywood "hams" who still yearn for the theater can now soothe their ruffled feelings. A local producing group has taken over a downtown theater. A series of plays will be presented, the first of which will be "Golden Boy," starring Cornel Wilde and his wife Pat. John Public will get a chance to see what his favorite movie star can do without benefit of retakes.

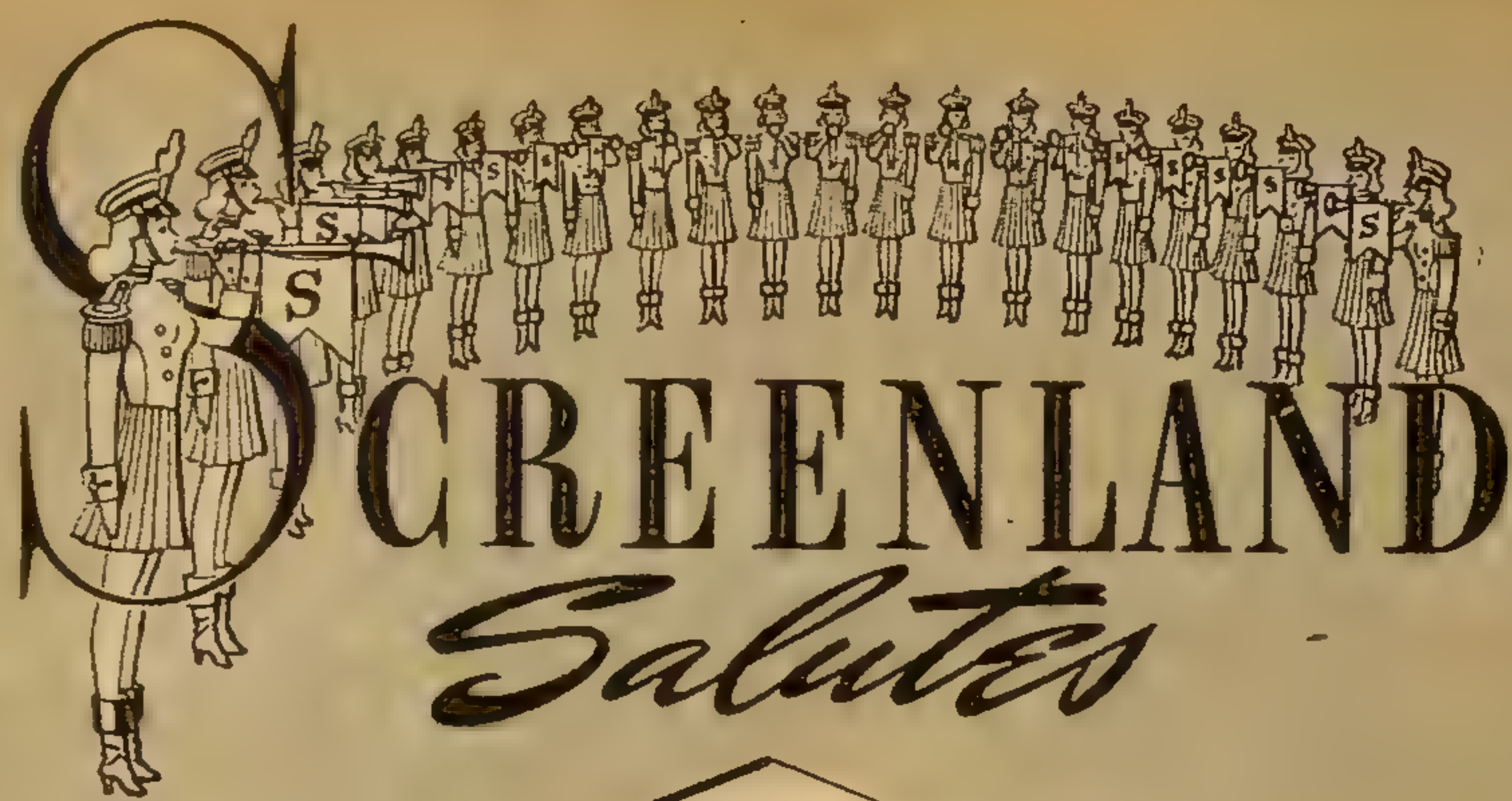
A TELEPHONE call from Virginia Bruce in Mexico (where she *almost* made a picture) to Cesar Romero assured him she had no intention of marrying the advertising executive who flew down there to pop the question. She likes him. She doesn't love him. But she *does* care enough about Cesar to make sure that he didn't misunderstand. Intimate friends still feel that these two will eventually head for the altar.

THERE'S one "Maisie" broadcast that will live in Ann Sothorn's memory forever. Just before she went on the air she was called to the telephone. A servant at home informed her that her quarrel with Robert Sterling had taken a serious turn. He was packing his clothes and moving to a hotel. If ever Ann gave an Academy Award performance, she did it that night. What a trouper! A week later she and Bob kissed and made up. Now, like all married couples who've had this same experience, they're closer than ever. They celebrated with a second honeymoon at Pebble Beach.

FOR his rôle in "Cloak and Dagger," Gary Cooper has to wear a monocle—to say nothing of morning coat, wing collar and striped pants. A special prop man stands guard and keeps a beady eye on the inimitable Coop. He's forever misplacing the monocle, which won't stay in anyway. The minute a scene is over, off come his shoes and the wing collar. Gary tosses his lean torso on a couch and smiles his contentment.

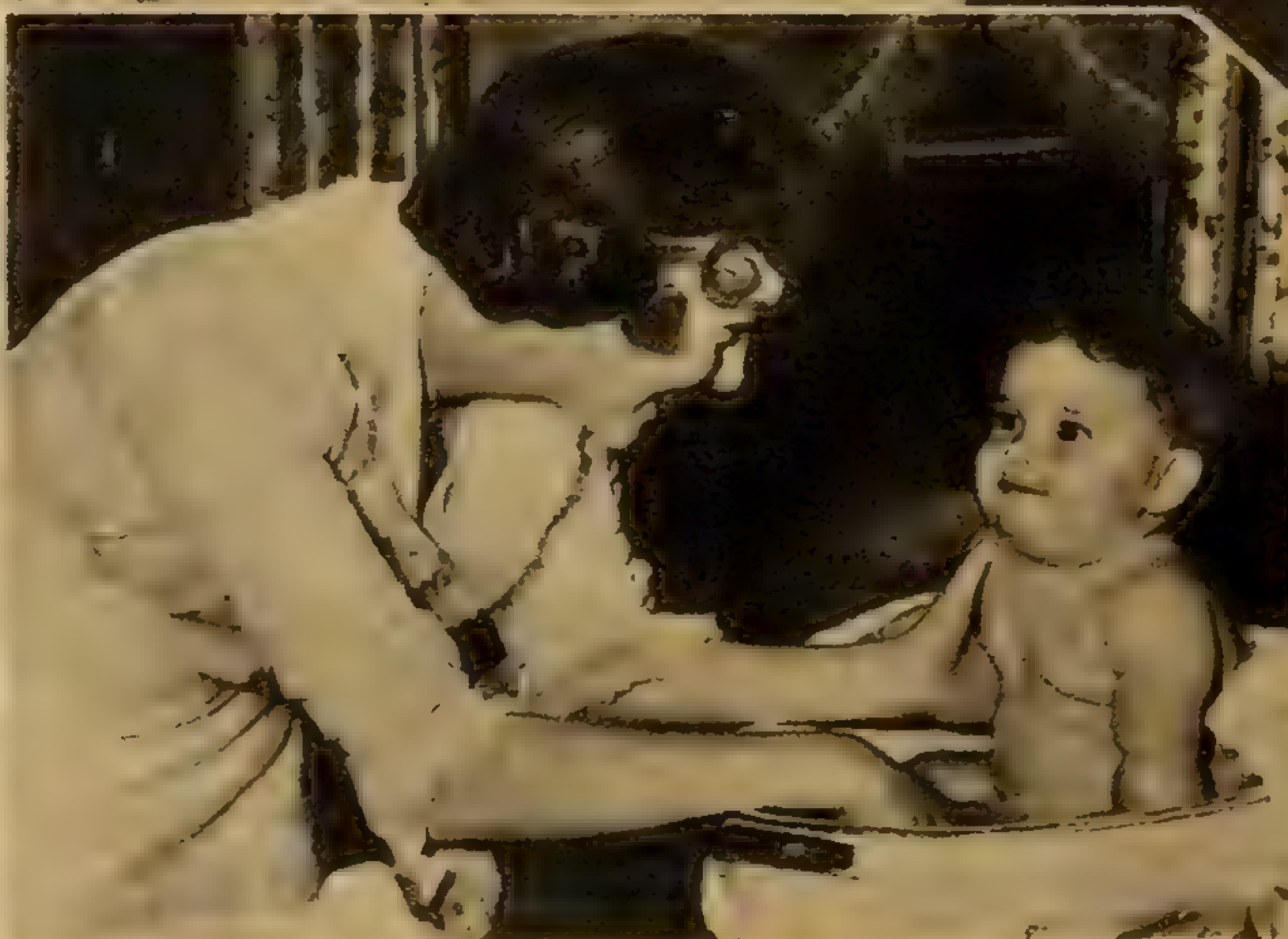
nt, reading
 wise: Holly-
 new English
 rt, Pat Kirk-
 enjoys the
 on party with
 Curtis; Eve
 en poses for
 eraman on the
 of her seldom-
 ographed hus-
 and, Ned Bergen,
 the Crillon; Fran-
 ot Tone gives
 natch service to his
 wife at the Mo-
 cambo; George Raft
 and Cleatus Cald-
 well holding hands
 —their own! Cleatus
 has feminine lead in
 the United Artists'
 film, "Little Iodine."
 Below, Mickey
 Rooney with wife,
 Betty Jane, at races.





OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND *in* *"To Each His Own"*

A good actress
becomes great in
the rôle of a
cheated mother.
It's a story with
a sob and chuckle



Romantically appealing in the opening sequences with John Lund, recruited from the Broadway stage; dramatically poignant in her young matron days; the brittle brilliance that comes with business success; and the cold austerity that rides her saddened spinsterhood—all this Olivia DeHavilland shows in the rôle of Miss Norris whose whole life is turned from a normal path by a chance trick of fate—with a maximum of artistry and a minimum of help from the makeup expert. Scenes at right show her with John Lund, in dual rôle as fiancé and son; with Bill Goodwin, business partner and friend

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"



"My Beauty Facials
bring quick new
Loveliness"

Laraine Day

Lovely star of
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES
Soon to be seen in R.K.O.'s
"What Nancy Wanted"

TRY the Lux Toilet Soap facials screen stars recommend! Just smooth the beautifying lather well into your skin, as Laraine Day does. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. With a soft towel pat to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier—tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



You will find Active-lather facials give fresh new beauty that wins Romance!



FIGHT WASTE
Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

Eddie Bracken's 5-Year Plan

Continued from page 47

nie." Eddie mopped his brow, remembering his panic. "So she wanders around the house for more than an hour. She packs one thing in her bag, then putters around looking for something else. She takes a bath. She does her hair. She fixes her face. I am going crazy!"

Finally they started, Eddie crowding the speed limit and ready with his story if the police should stop him. "Wait a minute." His serene wife gestured toward a house they were approaching. "Stop there. I want to see Ginny—something I forgot."

"And then," groaned Eddie, "she sits talking to Ginny for *three hours*. I am on the edge of my chair. I am pacing the floor. The perspiration is streaming down my face. I am *nuts!*"

But it seems Connie was right. They got to the hospital in plenty of time. Judith Ann took forty-eight hours to arrive.

Caroline Jean came along on schedule and is called Carol for short. Of course, with Eddie an old, experienced father by this time and Connie never upset by anything anyway, her arrival was simple and uncomplicated.

"I thought I didn't care which the third baby would be, boy or girl," Eddie said, "and it wasn't until the nurse came out of the delivery-room and said, 'It's a boy!' that I realized how much I'd wanted a son. That feeling that came over me—that *pride*—it just surged up! I can't describe it."

When the Five-Year Plan first began to work out, Connie and Eddie bought an old, roomy house on five and a half acres of ground. Since then, they've been remodeling it to fit the children and in describing the original house Eddie termed it "bachelor" Spanish, but I think he was just being polite. That's not really what he meant at all.

"The house is Colonial now," he explained. "We've taken off the old gingerbread and extended it at the sides. There's a room for each of the children and a big playroom over the garage for all of them. We're still enlarging and rebuilding and when we get through we'll have about fifteen rooms. The only thing is, we forgot the nurses and haven't any place to put them. We're trying to figure that out, because there's always one nurse all the time, but right now there are two on account of the new baby."

The Bracken home—through planning—has become one of the show-places of a Los Angeles suburb. The high, old-fashioned hedge in front has been taken out and people stop their cars to study the lines of the house and the beauty of the planting. Eddie and Connie have lately spent \$4,000 on the grounds, putting in a new lawn, removing old bushes, laying out a zig-zag split-rail fence with groups of bright flowers in the zigs and zags.

The children have everything on that five and a half acres—a pony, chickens, ducks, horses, a cow. Back of the house are vegetable gardens and orchards of citrus trees, peaches, pears, limes.

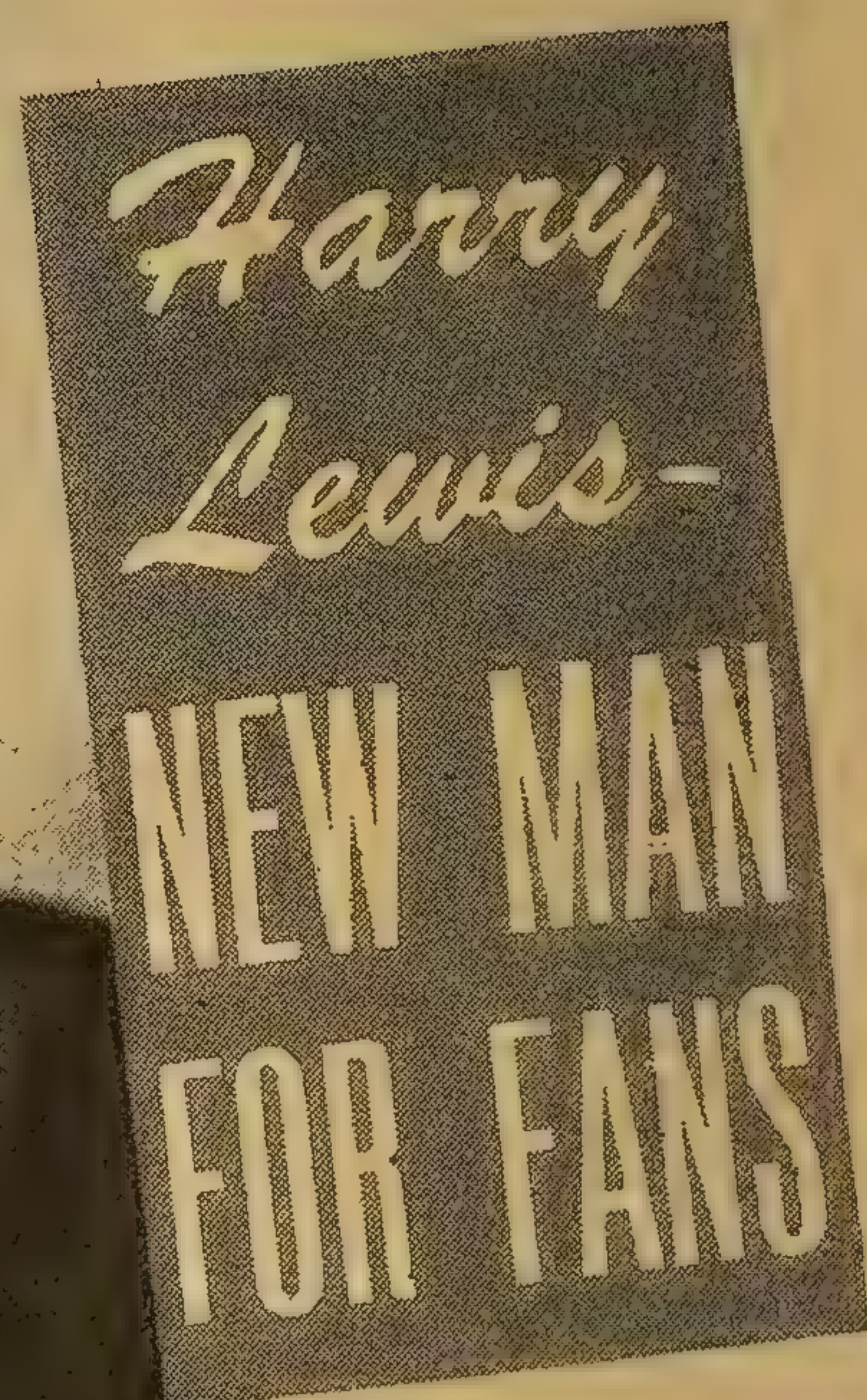
Connie, whom absolutely nothing disturbs, runs her home with clock-like precision. "There's never any confusion," Eddie said proudly. "The children are on strict schedule—there's a time to eat, a time to sleep, a time to play. They're all well and strong—outdoors practically all day—and Judith Ann has started to nursery school already. She's beginning to watch my table manners pretty carefully!"

Eddie is a believer in the modern progressive school and, while he'll make plans for himself until the cows come home, won't make any for his children. He'll give them every assistance and advan-

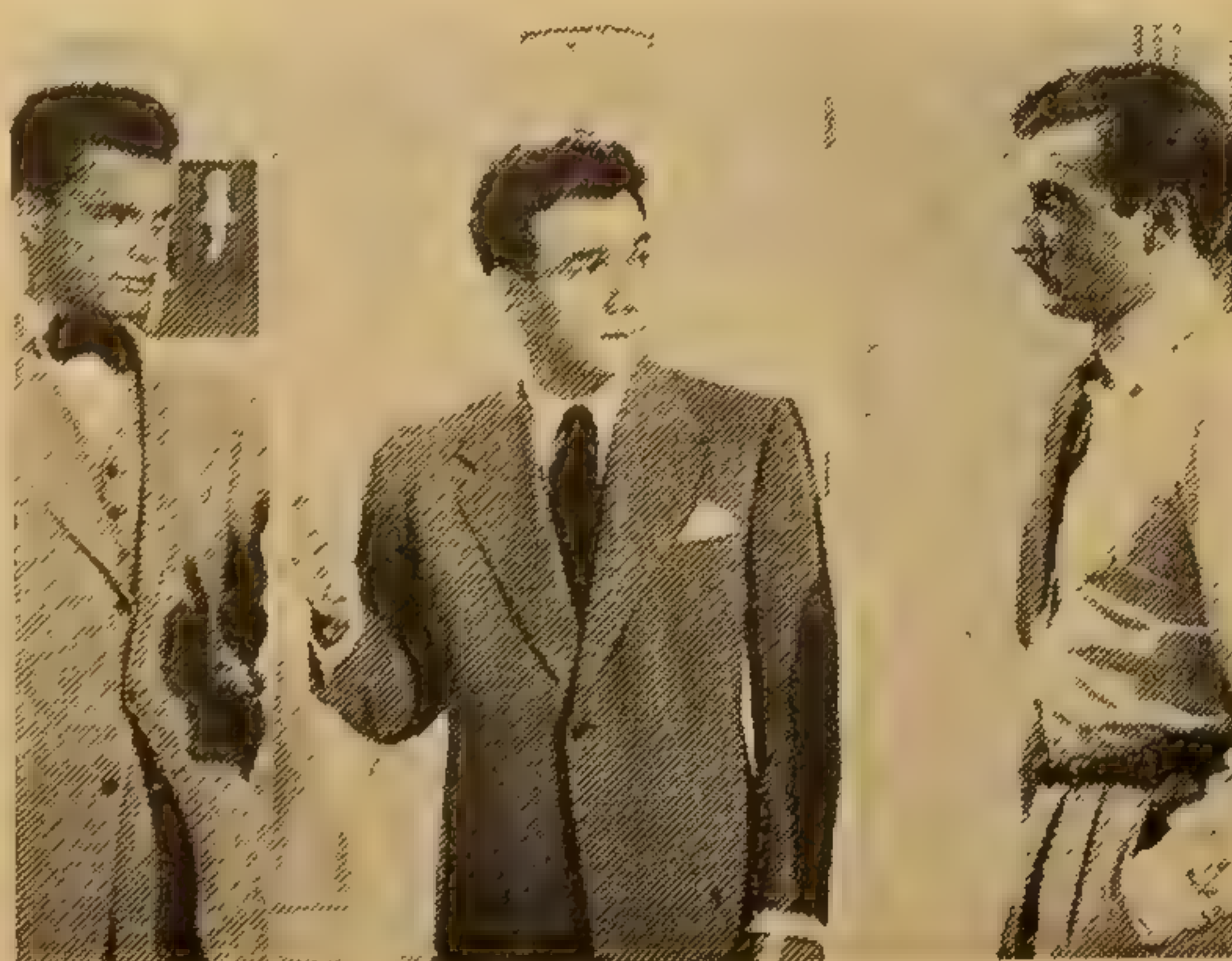
tage but — "Let them plan their own lives," he says sensibly. "I don't believe it's right for parents to point to a child and say, 'You'll be a doctor or a pianist or a lawyer or a dancer' and then try to force the child into a pattern he may not like or be fitted for at all."

Just then the phone rang in Eddie's dressing-room at Paramount where I was talking with him. And who should it be but Connie. And what did Connie want? She wanted Eddie to go to the races at Santa Anita that afternoon. That's right—the mother of a five-week-old baby had everything at home so well organized that she was off to the races!

And of all the cute and mushy conversations your correspondent tried to overhear, this between a beau and his best girl was the cutest. But, although I couldn't hear it, I could see it; Eddie



The handsome man you see here in scenes from "Her Kind of Man" with Dane Clark, Zachary Scott and Janis Paige, playing an Alan Laddish sort of rôle, lived all of his life right under the noses of producers—except for three years he spent in the Army where his radio mechanic schooling was interrupted by orders to play in the Army's "Winged Victory." The producers did give him bit parts but until now did not see in him a shining movie career.



leaned on his elbow and murmured. You'd think he hadn't talked to the girl for a month. He skidded across the table on his stomach and giggled. He stood up straight and stared at the ceiling in rapture. That Connie must have something!

Besides the Five-Year Plan about the children that's working out so satisfactorily, Eddie has so many other plans that they'd make your head swim. For instance, his plan to become a producer of his own pictures may very possibly come true this year. After that, he wants to become a director. He wants to establish a book publishing house on the Coast. The field's wide open, as our astute friend has found out, so why shouldn't it, too, be a success? And, now that travel is unrestricted, he wants to finance a travel agency, with profitable tie-ups with hotels, railroads, air lines and bus companies and possibly the Chambers of Commerce of other States.

Some years ago, when Eddie's stage career began to solidify and when the picture offers began to come in, he said to himself, "I'll spend just so many years on the stage, just so many years as an actor in pictures, and just so many years in radio. No more. Then I'll be a producer. After that I'll be a director." See?

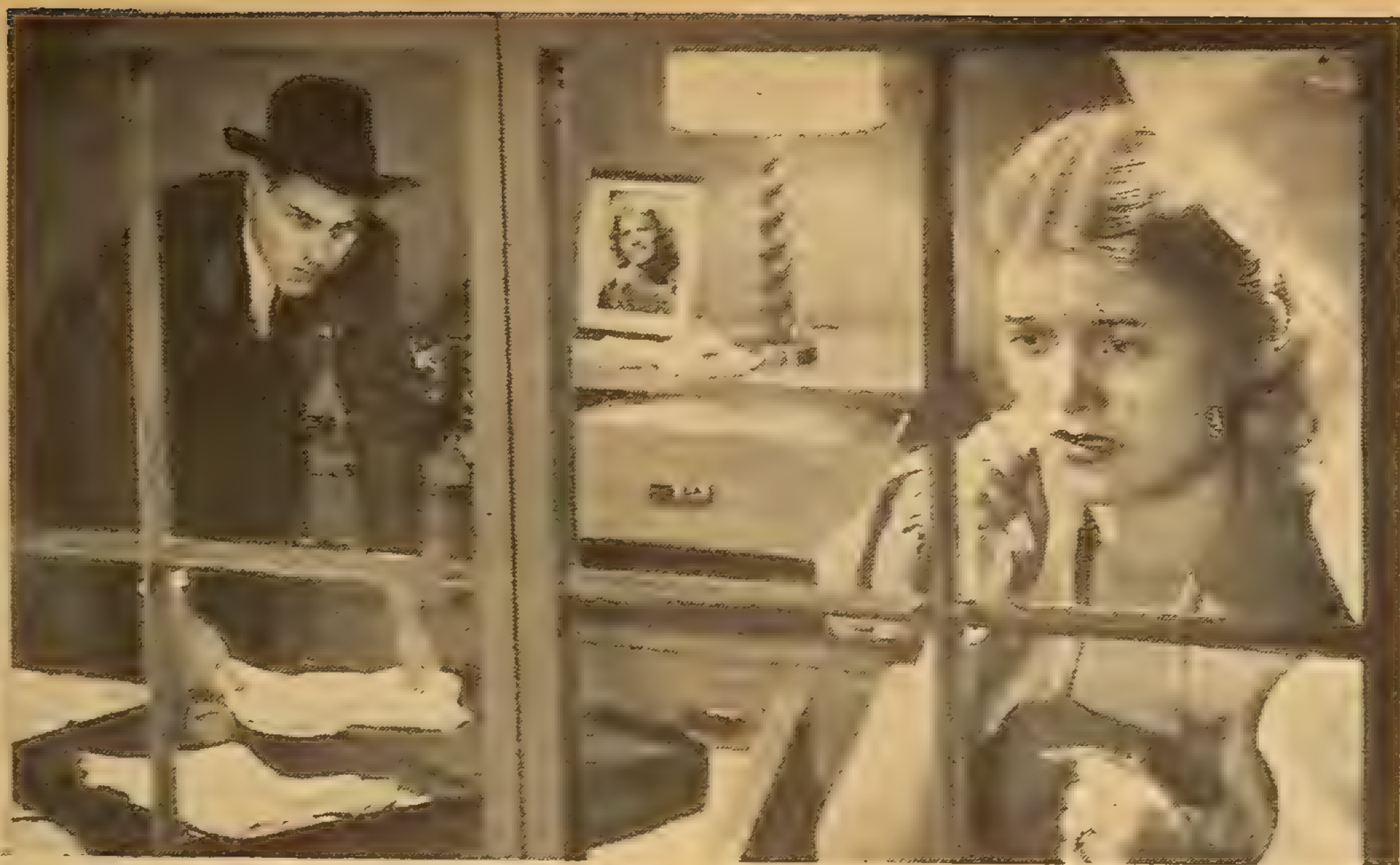
Eddie's family never has known how he happened to become an actor. His father is a solid businessman, a salesman of stove appliances, and one brother's a lawyer and the other an accountant. Perhaps it's because he was born within easy sight of Paramount's Eastern Studio in Astoria, Long Island. Anyway, Eddie won a Cute Baby contest.

Besides being cute, he had a clear soprano voice and sang mother songs on the Knights of Columbus circuit at the age of five. At nine he was so good he got a job with the American Sound Studios in New York City as a Kiddie Trouper, which was a sort of East Coast "Our Gang" comedy group. When adolescence caught up with him, he enrolled in the Professional Children's School for Actors. At thirteen, he got his first chance at Broadway as understudy to Junior Durkin in "The Lottery." Then came bits in other shows.

But Hollywood lured him so he took off one fine day with \$4.20 his mother had given him to have his picture put in the *Astoria Daily Star*. The hitchhike across the Continent was a bitter experience for the sixteen-year-old boy and his first night in Hollywood, broke, tired and hungry, was spent under a tree at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vermont Avenue. The next day, though, he found his pal of Broadway days, Junior Durkin, then making pictures in Hollywood. Junior and his sisters invited Eddie to live with them while he looked for the break that was surely his.

But there wasn't any break. He tried for two and a half months without one glimmer of hope. He couldn't even get in the front gate of Paramount, where he's a star now. The bus fare his family wired when they finally found him looked like manna from Heaven to Eddie, so he took it and most sensibly went home.

His luck changed, though, the day he arrived in New York. He got a small part in "The Lady Refuses" with the late



LOVE WENT PACKING

Through . . . done for . . . all our dreams and sharing, and our little "love nest" of a home! . . . Foolish me—not to realize it was my fault our happiness was spoiled. I thought I understood about feminine hy-

giene. But it took my doctor to save the day for us. He pointed out, oh so emphatically: "Once-in-a-while care just isn't enough". . . and told me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



BUT CAME HOME TO STAY

New lease on love at our house now . . . and a so *happy* Mr. and Mrs.! Of course I took the doctor's advice . . . always use dependable "Lysol" now, for douching. No more salt, soda or other homemade solutions for *me*,

after the doctor said "Lysol" is a proved germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, yet *gently*. So easy and economical to use, too — there's no reason to be careless . . . risk happiness . . . *ever!*

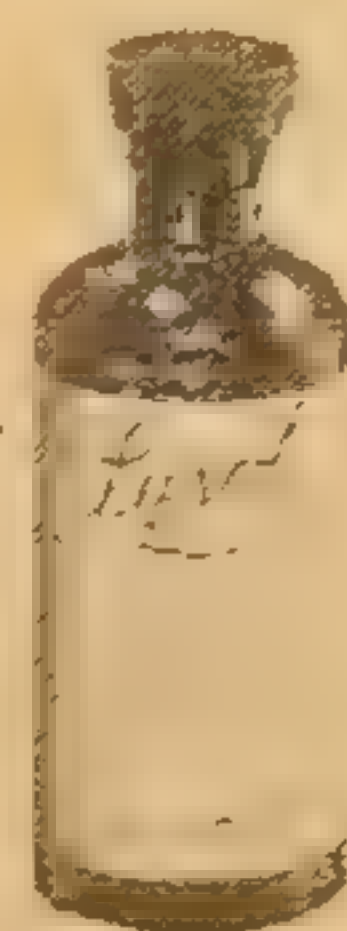
Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always! Powerful cleanser—"Lysol's" great spreading power means it reaches

deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—"Lysol" douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)



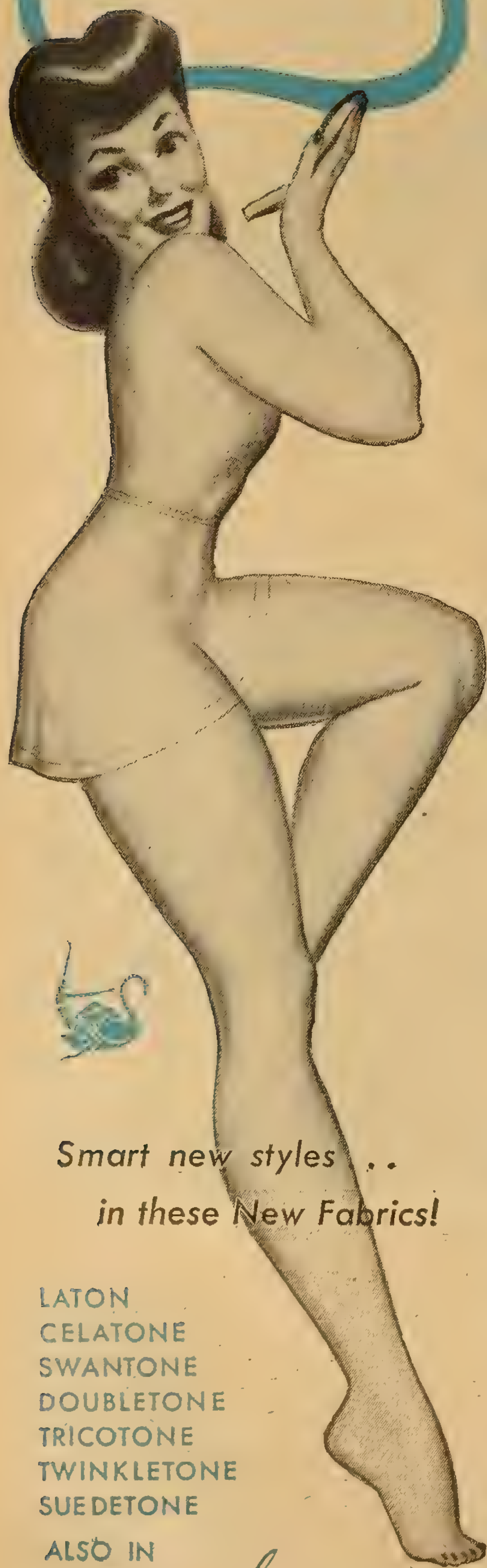
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For Feminine Hygiene use **"Lysol"** Brand Disinfectant

always!

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Blue Swan UNDIES



Smart new styles . . .
in these New Fabrics!

LATON
CELATONE
SWANTONE
DOUBLETONE
TRICOTONE
TWINKLETONE
SUEDETONE

ALSO IN

Spun-lo

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

At your favorite store!

Blue Swan MILLS

A DIVISION OF MCKAY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK



Carole Landis autographs a picture for one of her charming little fans, Agnes Reilly, whose adoration of the "Scandal in Paris" star lights up her whole face.

Lou Tellegen. After that came bits in "Life's Too Short," "So Proudly We Hail" and "Iron Men." Producer George Abbott, who'd turned him down once on an audition, now saw his value and Eddie became one of the mainstays of Abbott productions. He was called for the lead in "What a Life," but a switch in casting gave that rôle to Ezra Stone and a subordinate part to Eddie.

It worked out all right, though, because when Abbott sent out a road company, it was Eddie who played the Stone part and a certain young Miss Constance Nickerson who was cast as his leading lady. And that certain Miss Nickerson is the same Connie who's now Mrs. Eddie Bracken.

Of the six movie offers that came to him, Eddie chose Paramount's as the best. He brought his creation of *Dizzy* to the screen as foil to Jackie Cooper's *Henry Aldrich*. In the past two years he's had the amazing record of having starred in nine pictures: "Happy-Go-Lucky," "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," "Rainbow Island," "Hail The Conquering Hero," "Out of This World," "Bring on the Girls" and "Ladies' Man" — and the all-star "Star-Spangled Rhythm" and "Duffy's Tavern."

However, the radio show that went along concurrently with the latter part of these two years didn't work out as well with Eddie's ideas of Perfect Planning. But let him tell it:

"When I signed the usual thirteen-week

contract with the sponsors, I emphasized that I wanted thirteen *completed* scripts before the show even went on the air," Eddie explained. "The advertising agency said, 'Oh, yes, yes—sure, sure—' and handed me *three*. Then they stalled around and finally hired a writer who took nine days to complete a script. With shows seven days apart you can figure out that it's not going to be very long before you're in a jam!"

Eddie worried himself practically into a state of collapse. He was, of course, starring in his own pictures all this while and in the midst of that responsibility, fretted and fumed and battled to get his air show written and rehearsed on the deadline. Preston Sturges, Eddie's brilliant director and author of "Miracle of Morgan's Creek" and "Hail the Conquering Hero," helped. Bill Demarest, his foil both in pictures and on the air, helped.

But it was too much. Eddie took the only possible course: he simply cancelled the show. He's had many other radio offers since, including two particularly good ones. But he has refused them because there's not enough time to prepare them. However, he tells me a show will go on in September, fully mapped out, with thirteen completed scripts before he ever sets foot in the broadcasting studio.

So there you see what planning a life can do. It's done pretty well for Eddie Bracken, who spent his first night in Hollywood under a tree.

Listen, Girls! Best-dressed Dunne Describes "Fateful Dresses"

Continued from page 31

first appearance on any stage, she sang, recited or merely stuttered. But this gray-eyed child will always be able to think and now on the way home she tells herself gravely: "I'm not really pretty. It was that lovely dress Mother-made me."

Scene 2. A proud, seventeen-year-old with a brand new certificate has answered the ad of an East Chicago school for someone to teach Music and Art. The reply has come back, yes, "provided our school board approves after meeting you." Mother, warning her daughter, "You look terribly young," has contrived, for dignity, a prim white dress with blue trim.

As the train paused in Chicago's main station the candidate's eye has lighted on a headline: TRY-OUT FOR SCHOLARSHIPS AT CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE.

On impulse (there will always be get-up-and-go in this quiet-seeming youngster) she has left her train—saying good-bye to the East Chicago school board before she even meets them!—and has changed to her new dress in a hotel washroom.

Presently Irene stands beside a piano, in a crowded auditorium, singing "The Swallow Song" ("But I couldn't have swallowed!"). She keeps her eye on the accompanist's encouraging smile and reminds herself, "He played for Melba. I'm singing with a man who accompanied Melba!"

A top scholarship results and, having inherited her mother's good taste, the winner mentally notes: "Almost every contestant was badly over-dressed. That school-board dress made a difference!"

Scene 3. Mother has greeted the news of the quick switch from East Chicago to the music scholarship with an unperturbed, "Very nice." To a later letter announcing that Irene was going to New York "to try for grand opera" she has replied, "All right."

Opera executives must have been summer-luxuriating at Newport. No one left languishing in town has wanted to listen to "another music school hopeful." But one happening has cheered. Mrs. Dunne has sent on from Louisville a soft, delicate-looking gentian blue dress and floppy hat—both homemade.

The outfit cries to be worn somewhere important! At that critical moment, a friend suggests, "I see there's to be a try-out for the roadshow lead of a musical—bearing the same name as you. Why don't you go along?" Irene "goes along," rather doubtfully (after all, it's *not* opera) and sardine-packs into an elevator with other applicants—plus one man.

The girls crowd out at the third floor, the man rides up another. The third floor receptionist, before Irene has had time to seat herself, picks up the phone. In a moment she beckons. "You're to go on up," she instructs in a low tone.

Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—

- ☐ A hot bath
- ☐ A lukewarm bath
- ☐ A cold shower



When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant*? Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—

- ☐ Smooth them with an emery board
- ☐ Trim them with your teeth
- ☐ Wear artificial nails

No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever*, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. That means curfew for chafing!



What's new on the beach this year?

- ☐ The Life Guard
- ☐ The Bloomer Girl
- ☐ The hamburgers

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends*: pressed flat so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost



More women choose KOTEX^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins

^{*}T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Answer fairly... are you giving in to Periodic Pain?"

If your answer is
"NO", chances-
are you *know*
about and use

Midol. If your
answer is "YES",
and you haven't tried Midol, you
may be passing up comfort which
millions of women enjoy!

You see, Midol is offered *specifi-
cally* to relieve functional periodic
pain. It contains no opiates, yet acts
in *three ways* to bring relief: *Eases
Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates
mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Be sure to ask for Midol at any
drugstore. Enjoy needed comfort on
"those days".

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. H-76, Room 1418,

41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS—HEADACHE—"BLUES"



He said, "Send up the girl in the blue dress."

That began Miss Dunne's professional life, at \$150.00 a week—roadshow leading lady in the musical comedy "Irene," that bore her own name.

Scene 4. At an after-theater supper party (there have been New York successes in "Clinging Vine" and "Sweetheart Time") Miss Dunne notes a fellow-guest observing her. About men, up until this time she has maintained an "I-don't-care" attitude, adopted because of a high school experience. She had watched girls flock around an attractive boy from New York while she (no doubt wearing one of Mother's Magic Dresses) stood shyly to one side. The boy had sought her out, weathered three "No's," then escorted her during the remainder of his visit.

Tonight, in New York, the habitual girl-in-blue feels especially poised. She has blossomed out in a truly smart red taffeta. The handsome, non-theatrical-looking stranger secures an introduction, asks for a dance. The eyes that smile with the request are clear, honest, compelling. Miss Dunne is startled at the enthusiasm in her own voice as she answers, "Yes."

After the dance, another eager request: "Could I take you to dinner sometime?"

Again a swift, enthusiastic "Yes." (Miss Dunne will later recall, "My ears turned as red, I am sure, as the taffeta.")

Shyness and conservatism suddenly overwhelm her. She hurries to Mother, in another part of the room, and pleads, "Let's get out of here!"

Absolutely nothing happens for six weeks. Not a ring on the telephone. Irene feels humiliated. She is more than ever convinced that standoffishness is a girl's best weapon. In reality, Dr. Francis Griffin, "A bachelor who wanted to stay one," was struggling with himself.

At last the phone rings. "Could you have dinner with me?"

Now she will handle him, return to her old victorious policy. She opens her mouth to say, "Certainly not!" Instead she says, "Yes!"

Out of that grew a marriage that for nineteen years has been an admirable model for Broadway, Hollywood, or any other town. Miss Dunne believes Dr. Griffin was attracted to her, and his memory jogged, during those "awful" six weeks—when the telephone didn't ring—by the red taffeta dress.

Interlude. The marriage was postponed a month or so while Dr. Griffin made it plain that he wanted Miss Dunne to give up the stage. She agreed, and the wedding was followed by an extended honeymoon whirl through Europe.

On the first day back in New York the bride tripped in gaily to Dr. Griffin and showed him a telegram: "Will you drop in and talk with me? Florenz Ziegfeld."

"Look," said Mrs. Griffin. "I keep my promises." She tore up the yellow slip and threw it in the waste-basket.

Dr. Griffin regarded the shining face before him, then the waste-basket, and remarked mildly, "Why don't you go and call on Mr. Ziegfeld? It's only courtesy."

That magnanimity led to Miss Dunne's scintillating stardom in Jerome Kern's immortal "Showboat."

Hollywood called, of course, and today Miss Dunne prefers not to mention her first movie, one of the world's worst—"Leatherneking."

On the phone to New York, the lady wept. "You wanted me to give all this up, Frank. It's given me up. I'm coming home."

Dr. Griffin, wise and unselfish, answered: "I think you'd better whip the situation first. Otherwise you'll never be happy."



Anne Baxter

starring in "SMOKY," a 20th Century-Fox Production, says: "YOU'LL LOVE YOUR CANARY AS I DO MINE... HE'S SO PERKY AND FULL OF FUN!"

Own a canary... the only pet that sings! So easy to care for... so cheerful... a perfect pet! Feed your canary the finest—FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit.



LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.



"Life with Father" conference during luncheon in Warners' Green Room has star Irene Dunne, co-authors Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay (far right), Mrs. Clarence Day, technical advisor, and Michael Curtiz, director, engrossed in discussions of scenes.

Scene 5. This is the day, the come-back day, the day to shoot the moon. Miss Dunne's agent has told her, "You'll have to test as a young girl, a middle-aged woman, and an old woman, and you haven't got a chance. But what have you got to lose?"

Irene has chosen a neutral dress—muslin, white with a tiny blue flower design—but as she walks slowly across the RKO lot, she is thinking deeply about the old-woman portrayal. Something white, bobbing in the sun, catches her eye. An elderly woman, drably garbed, is wearing on her head the strange, bobbing white object—what was known as a "Queen Mary" hat.

Miss Dunne doesn't know it, but the wearer is the studio wardrobe mistress who, rebelling spiritually against all the exaggerated clothes she has to pass out to actresses, herself wears nothing but the extremely old-fashioned!

Irene starts to run. The wardrobe mistress, mounting a flight of stairs, feels a tap on her shoulder, hears a breathless voice: "Would you, dear, lend me that hat?"

Irene proceeds to the test, is the first one tested. Twenty-two other girls endure the same ordeal. The director, looking painstakingly at all the bits of film, says, "Get me the one with the old-fashioned hat. She's convincing."

The picture is "Cimmaron," on anybody's list of the world's ten best, and Irene Dunne becomes as famous on the screen as "Showboat" had made her on the stage.

After that, a long dazzling list of successes right on down to her current starring vehicle, "Anna and the King of Siam."

(And she *didn't* lose her husband, who transferred his business interests to Hollywood.)

Gentle reader, are *you* suitably dressed for what you want to do today?



And here is *Father*, himself, played by William Powell in the film version, scanning script with co-star Irene Dunne.

"...its definitely the kind of make-up that does things for you!"



SUCCESS! Not a matter of Luck...but a matter of Looks!

Of course, face powder is the beginning... smooth, silky-sheer Evening in Paris face powder that touches the skin with fresh, radiant young color. Add the soft glow of Evening in Paris rouge... the bright flame of Evening in Paris lipstick... and there's a Success formula... the reason so many men say "if a lovely lady would be even lovelier, her make-up should be Evening in Paris."

Evening in Paris



Face Powder \$1.00
Rouge 50¢
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BOURJOIS N.Y.—Distributor

Listen to Tony Martin—Saturdays, 7:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.; 8:45 P.M., P.S.T., Columbia Network

GIRLS! Want quick curls?



EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

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This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Successful for 45 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 3280, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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BOOK!

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**CIGARETTE
DISPENSER**

Something New!

1000 LAUGHS

NOVELTY SENSATION



Lots of fun for you and your friends. By pressing the head downward the jackass will extend a cigarette for your guests. Movable head and tail, design shows Mexican wearing large hat and shawl sitting on the jackass. Silk screen picture. Four flashy colors bring out every detail. A swell gift for anyone. Order now. Be the first to own one. Send cash or money order when ordering; you save postage and C.O.D. fee. Sent C.O.D. plus charge. PRICE \$2.00.

SPECIAL OFFER TWO FOR \$3.50
\$16.80 a doz. Special price in larger quantities.

SPECIAL CIGARETTE LIGHTER, \$1.00

Only One Sold With
Each "JACKASS CIGARETTE DISPENSER"

FARLEY SINEATH

Manufacturing Novelties

800 Eighth Avenue, Department D, New York 19, N. Y.



Celeste Holm's husband observes the romantic tradition of carrying his bride over the threshold after the ceremony—all of which makes for an auspicious beginning.

This Is the Way It Was

Continued from page 29

name printed on the phonograph record.

Bea Lillie went on to her other guests and he and the girl talked until so many other people drifted over to her that soon there was a khaki wall between them. When he managed to get close to her again, she was talking to Bea.

"I've simply got to go," she was saying. "I'm meeting a man I really adore at six o'clock."

"But, darling, you'll never make it," Bea said, her laugh putting an end to that bit of nonsense.

Celeste tried again but nobody paid any attention to her insistence that she had to go. Dunning didn't like that at all.

"Look," he said. "I'll take you."

And he did.

Celeste liked the efficient way he went about it. He simply went over to a Colonel he knew and commandeered the keys for his jeep. And though they had less than five minutes to make St. Augustine's he got her there on the dot. Celeste was a little breathless over that since it was the first time she'd ever gotten anywhere on time in her life. As a matter of fact as soon as the jeep was out of sight she walked twice around the mess hall just to keep her amateur standing.

She never thought she would see him again but she did the very next morning when her USO unit was flying to England. For not only was it Captain Dunning who had arranged their transportation, but he was taking the same plane for England on Air Transport business. And when friends in Kent invited her for the weekend, it just happened that he was there too. Fate really was being a bit obvious in her matchmaking zeal.

But neither of them noticed it. Celeste was still thinking about the officer in Paris and Dunning, as his friends will tell you, isn't a man who goes overboard easily. It wasn't until the return plane was zooming over Paris that he began negotiations for getting on a first name basis.

"My name's Schuyler," he said. "But people call me Sky."

"Celeste and Sky." She laughed. "The heavenly twins."

Somebody whispered in her ear then. It was Beatrice Lillie. "Don't lose track of him," she said. "He's nice."

A week later Celeste was giving herself the same advice. For it was funny how different the man she had been giving all that thought to seemed when she saw him again. Any magic that had been there was gone completely. She found herself looking forward more and more to her dates with Sky.

Everybody was going to nightclubs now that the war was over but Celeste didn't care for them.

"Everybody was being too grimly gay, like New Year's Eve," she said. "The French, like all Europeans, had put up so with so much during the war that when peace came they couldn't believe it. It was as if they were going through an absolute spiritual nervous breakdown. How could they really enjoy themselves after what they had been through and how could the rest of us enjoy it remembering the apathy on the faces of people looking at the rubble heaps everywhere you went?"

But there was one place she liked, the Cafe Monsignor with its orchestra of

seventeen violins. They went there often and they went to the Luxembourg Gardens, too, and stood with the children watching the marionette shows and they browsed among the bookstalls along the Seine and bought little bouquets from the flowerwomen on the boulevards. Peace was bringing them all back again and somehow they were the things that made peace seem real.

They hated to say goodbye when the day came for Celeste's entertainment unit to go on to Germany, but she hadn't been in Frankfort a week when old lady Fate got herself an ally, a powerful one too, the American Army itself which transferred Sky not only to Germany but to Frankfort.

They never knew when they said goodbye when they'd meet again. Yet he'd always be wherever she was within a week and a half and all in the line of duty, too. And now that the Army was taking a hand it wasn't being any more subtle about throwing them together than Fate itself had been and no tourist agency could have done a better job of synchronizing two separate itineraries. Only when Celeste was given a compassionate leave to visit her father's family in Norway at the end of her three months' tour did the Army transfer system fail them.

But when she returned to Paris the chain of coincidences began again and kept right on going. Months later Celeste had dinner with Sky, now a civilian, in New York the evening before she was leaving for Hollywood to begin one of the starring rôles in the 20th Century-Fox musical "Three Little Girls in Blue." Again they thought they were saying goodbye for months at least, but in less than two weeks Sky was made Hollywood representative for the American Airlines and they simply couldn't ignore all those propitious signs any longer.

So they were married a month or so ago in the First Presbyterian Church in New York City. Celeste wore a navy blue suit with white accessories and she carried a bouquet, a very small one of white roses, daisies and baby's breath. And she looked so darned happy she really didn't have to keep repeating that she was the luckiest girl in the world.

But then Celeste has always been lucky.

First of all she had luck in parents, which any psychologist will tell you is the luckiest break of all.

Her father, Theodor Holm, who is the head of Lloyds of London in the United States, left Norway when he was still in his teens simply to get away from the advice of ten older brothers who felt they should help the baby of the family map out his future. Her mother is Jean Parke, the painter, and both of them are gay, charming people who, having achieved considerable success of their own, had no frustrations to inflict on their only child.

Neither of them ever tried to influence her beyond giving her the clarity to make her own decisions. Both were sure their daughter would have a career of some sort as they felt matinees, parties, shopping and all the other things teen age girls enjoy would never be enough to fill her days.

"I was the busiest child that ever hap-

Why miss out on comfort-in-action?

I CAN'T WALK ANOTHER
STEP. GLORY, WHAT I'D
GIVE FOR REAL COMFORT
ON DAYS LIKE THIS!



WHY, GINNY—HAVEN'T YOU
DISCOVERED **MODESS**?
THERE'S NOTHING **SOFTER**
FOR MY MONEY! AND IT'S
SO SAFE AND DAINTY, TOO!

When you discover the soft-as-a-cloud comfort of Modess—you'll see why more and more up-and-doing gals say, "There's nothing like Modess for me!"

That special, gentle softness! That real comfort-in-action! *They're* why Modess makes such a world of difference!

Modess' famous safety features really lull away your worries, too. That triple, full-length safety shield is your safeguard against accidents!

And so dainty! Modess has a fine triple-proved deodorant—sealed in every

downy-soft napkin. A grand new confidence aid that you'll welcome!

Costs no more! So, enjoy all the extras that make Modess America's luxurious sanitary napkin.



Waltz into his heart



with a touch of
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And its fragrance lasts!

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CHANGE YOUR FLAT BUSTLINE INTO A FULL AND ALLURING SHAPE

Don't suffer shame and embarrassment over a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust! Thousands of women just like yourself have discovered this safe, easy and positive way of bringing out their loveliest curves! Guaranteed harmless!

ENDORSED BY DOCTORS! All you have to do is follow the easy directions on massage, exercise, brassieres, diet, etc., given in this great medically-endorsed book, "THE GUIDE TO BUST GLAMOUR." By adopting this simple and wonderful advice at once, your bust will positively look well-rounded, youthful and firm... making you more attractive and desirable than ever! Amazing life-time results!

SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon below.

GLAMOUR STUDIOS, Box 465-A, Baltimore 3, Md. Send me "GUIDE TO BUST GLAMOUR" in plain wrapper. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage on delivery. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my \$1.00 will be refunded immediately.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose \$1.00 with coupon and we ship pre-paid. Canadian orders \$1.50 in advance.

NOW ONLY \$1.00 - That's All!

pened," Celeste says of herself. "When I wasn't making paper dolls, I was cooking on my toy stove; when I wasn't doing that, I was making spring wardrobes for my dolls or banging on the piano. Father looked rather appalled one day when I was racing around juggling at least three different enthusiasms at the same time with, as the saying goes, one hand tied behind me."

"Where on earth will those energies go?" he sighed to mother. "She can't spread them all over a man and children. She'd smother them!"

"There were always a lot of fascinating people coming to our house, writers, artists, musicians, scientists, and there was always good shop talk. I was interested in all of them but since I was old enough to think at all I knew the theater was what I wanted.

"The wonderful thing about it was I could talk to both my parents about it with neither one of them either trying to discourage me or push me. But realizing how important a background was they went about giving me one in their own casual way.

"So I studied the ballet when I was three, then when I was sent to boarding school in Paris five years later and began studying languages I felt I wanted a more mental, rather than a physical means of expression so I decided that it was acting, not dancing.

"Then when I was ten I spent a year with my grandparents in New York, the family was living in Chicago then, and we saw every play on Broadway. Grandfather was a professor and a contradiction to every cliché ever invented about his profession. Neither absent-minded, too booky or serious, he was fun to be with always. My grandmother had a love for the theater as deep as my own and had many friends in it. So often after a performance we'd visit backstage, which was wonderful training too, making me realize as it did that the people of the theater aren't just glamorous ephemeral creatures but hard-working men and women.

"But even with all that, even with the singing lessons and the training in dramatic school and summer stock that came afterwards, it wasn't easy trying to break that nebulous line separating the amateur and the professional. I'd never been at all self-conscious but I was then trying to get past the hard-boiled receptionists guarding Broadway's biggies. That was the closest I've ever come to getting an inferiority complex.

"Mother saw to it that I didn't. She has always been so understanding of

young people who want to do things. She loves people and people love her, all except the phonies who never seem to be able to digest her unaffected sincerity, and though she had a horror of giving advice, she'd go out of her way to do things for people without them ever sensing she was doing it. She was always giving parties so no one realized what she was doing when she has her own generous axe to grind. The young singer would meet the impresario, the writer the agent, the would-be radio entertainer the sponsor. With me it was different. Trying to help me that way would be like looking for favors for yourself and she couldn't bring herself to do it. But she helped me in even a better way.

"Celeste, never go in to ask someone for anything," she said to me once when I was particularly discouraged. "Go in to give something."

"It was one of the rare times she ever advised me or anyone else, but it helped me so much that I'm passing it on to any other girl or boy whose knees turn to jelly when they're looking for a job.

"It was mother too who made me realize that knowing how to cook can bring a girl more happiness than almost any other talent. For to me the serving of good food is one of the most important contributions a woman can make to her marriage.

"I've never left cooking to anyone else, except when it has to be done, such as when I'm late coming home from the studio or on matinee days in the theater. But even then I'll go down to the kitchen to taste and maybe add a few last minute touches. And it's not only the fun you get out of it yourself, it's the joy that comes out of making someone you love comfortable.

"If anyone asked me what I thought were the most important things in marriage I'd put cooking right at the top of the list. For I feel when a man steps into his own home it should smell warm and appetizing and tantalizing. Good food is stimulating. The only marriage requirements I'd put above it is that you have to love someone more than you do yourself, and that you not only have to be willing to make sacrifices but they must come instinctively. For to my way of thinking any girl who doesn't care to sew a button on a man's shirt or darn his socks doesn't love him enough to marry him in the first place."

All of which brought the conversation back right where it started, to Bea Lillie's cocktail party in Paris and a certain young man named Sky.

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Sylvia Sidney's Best Beau

Continued from page 49

and thither all over the house, he's anything but photogenic. It's not astonishing to her, she says, that he reads the dictionary for amusement, turning the pages with great seriousness and explaining to Socrates his own version of what he can't read as he goes along.

To make everything perfectly clear, Socrates is the son of Confucius who's an English bulldog owned by Mike Romanoff, Hollywood's urban and urbane restaurateur. Like his master, Confucius is a philosopher and, like his father, Socrates is a wise dog, too.

When Jody found a picture of Confucius in a magazine layout of Romanoff's restaurant, he wasn't a bit surprised. And, when, in a later issue, he found a picture of his father, Luther Adler, and in another, a full page color portrait of his mother, he was quite convinced he belonged to a very famous family indeed.

And he does. Jody's real name is Jacob, after his grandfather, Jacob Adler, bright star of another day in the Yiddish Theater. His mother was married for a short time to Bennett Cerf, the publisher and author, but divorced him to marry Luther Adler, whose name is well-known to New York and London theater-goers. They appeared together in their own production of "Jane Eyre" and each separately has earned particular fame.

Sylvia came back to Hollywood about two years ago to play opposite James Cagney in his production of "Blood on the Sun." She's just been borrowed by Hal Wallis from Cagney for Wallis' Paramount production of "The Searching Wind" with Robert Young. She goes at once into "Mr. Ace and the Queen" with George Raft for United Artists release.

It's a new career and a new life for Sylvia. She's divorcing Adler and has established a home here for herself and Jody. She's been in top spots in Hollywood a half-dozen times, starring for Warner Brothers and Paramount, only to go back again and again to the New York stage. This time she says she's a permanent resident; California's the place to bring up Jody.

Sylvia treats her son in a completely adult way. She is at once the loving mother and the slightly amazed friend. When they first moved into the house where they live, Sylvia filled the big backyard with slides, swings, sandboxes and toys so that Jody could be outdoors all day long. In New York he hadn't had the pink cheeks that lots of fresh air bring so Sylvia sat back to watch the roses bloom. But her good intentions didn't work out right away. Scouts were sent out by the neighborhood children to look the new boy over. It was decided he'd have to prove himself—and the next thing poor Jody knew was a violent shove that sent him spinning into a sitting position in his own sand-pile. The next move in the game was for Jody to come up swinging, but he didn't know about that.



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AT ALL DRUG STORES

"Jody didn't want to fight," his mother said indignantly. "He doesn't know anything about fighting. He doesn't think that way. So when they started shoving him around I told them if they wanted to fight to stay away from Jody's backyard. The playthings, of course, were the main attraction and the children were perfectly welcome to make use of them as long as they behaved themselves. They behaved from that time on!"

In fact, Jody has what he terms a perfectly "tremense" time with his new playmates. He also has a complete and "tremense" belief in Santa Claus. On Christmas Eve he takes elaborate precautions to see that there are no andirons or other impendimenta left on the hearth for St. Nick to stumble over and he painstakingly sets out a plate of cookies and a glass of milk for the good man's refreshment.

"Just to tease him, I suggested we have an all-white tree last year. I explained that all-white trees were very smart," Sylvia said. "But Jody was horrified. 'Oh, no, Mother—that's not real! And Santa wouldn't be pleased with anything that wasn't real!' So in a pouring rain we went to a lot on Wilshire Boulevard to select a 'real' tree. Jody sloshed around in the mud, looking them all over. It was wet and cold. It seemed hours before he found the one he wanted. He'd passed up all the good ones and picked out the worst, the most scraggly one in the lot! But he liked it, so that was that."

After he'd trimmed it earnestly to his own taste, his mother and Birdie, the nurse, shoo'd him off to bed. Everybody was pretty worn-out by that time and, what with laying out the presents and filling Jody's stocking, they almost forgot to take away the cookies and milk.

"A friend who was helping us happened to see them just by sheer luck—and then he had a stroke of real genius!" Sylvia laughed. "He wrote a thank-you note to Jody from Santa Claus and laid it where the cookie plate had been. From now on, I don't believe anything will shake Jody's faith!"

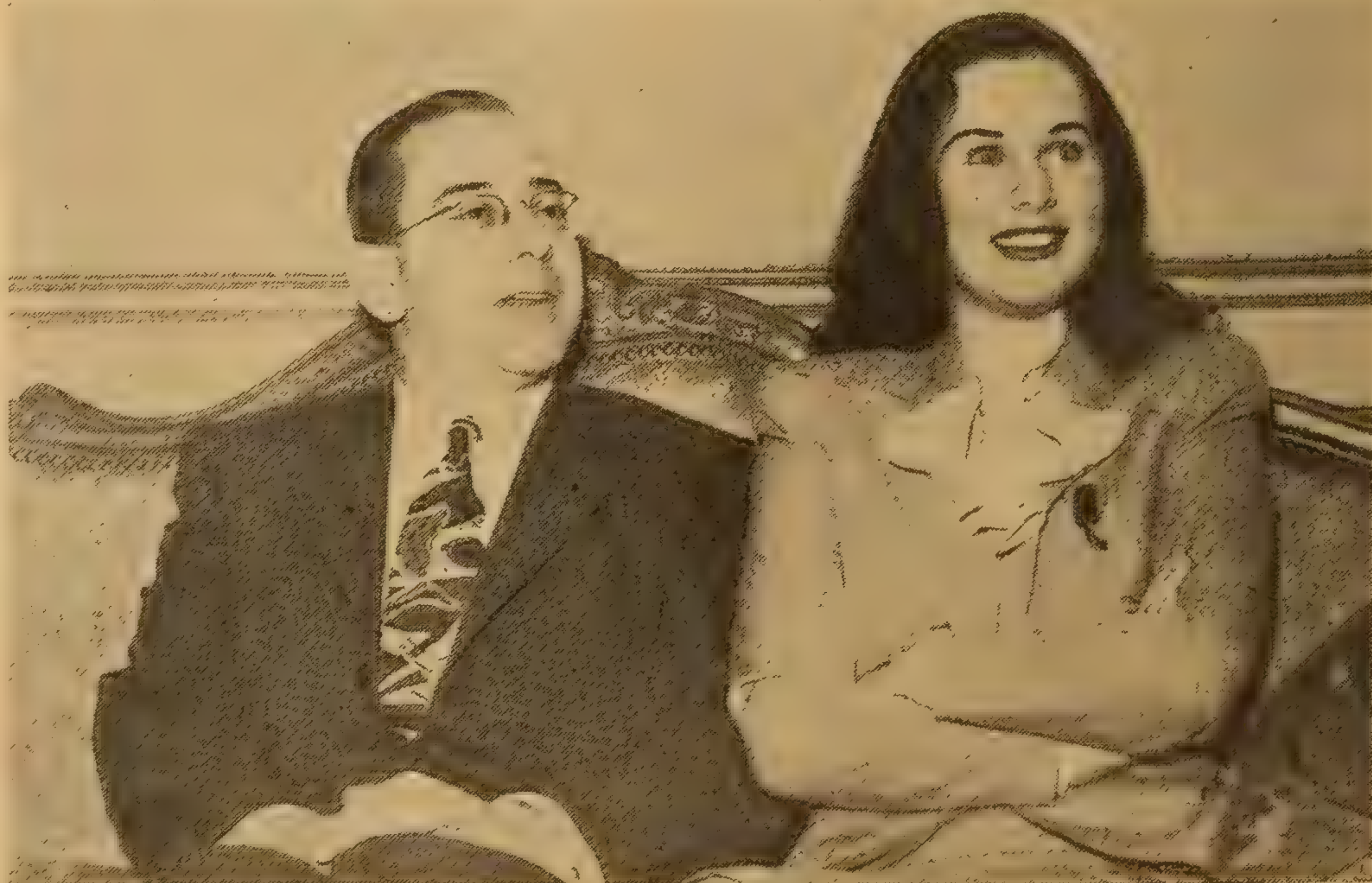
There's no such word as "punishment" in Jody's bright lexicon. "He's never done anything to be punished for!" Sylvia threw out her expressive hands in explanation. "He's never been to a movie, for instance, so one time I told him I'd take him if he'd do a certain thing he disliked particularly. He neglected to do it, so I said I wouldn't take him to the picture. 'Oh, that's all right, Mother,' he agreed without a quiver. 'I've waited this long, so I can go on waiting some more!' Now what are you going to do about 'punishing' a child like that?"

He's told that if he'll lie quietly in his little bed at night and watch out the window, the Man in the Moon will come down and talk to him. Jody tops this the next morning by telling his mother and Birdie that the Man in the Moon *did* come down to talk to him. More than that, he had told him such "interesting" things!

He asked Sylvia a question the other day that absolutely stumped her. It would anybody. "We were driving along peacefully when Jody suddenly asked, 'Mother, what's distance?'" Sylvia's magnificent gray eyes opened wide. "I was completely floored. I felt as if I'd suddenly driven up against a brick wall. I simply couldn't answer—and can't yet!" Could you?

Jody goes to a Progressive School where he's taught by the most modern methods. "As a matter of fact," she said, "the children aren't at all like the ones in the first schools of that kind. Then, it seemed, all the home training was undone and the pupils in 'learning to express their personalities' developed into harum-scarum products that couldn't adjust themselves to anything. In Jody's school the children simply outdo themselves to be polite and considerate of each other."

When she came back to Hollywood, Sylvia astonished everyone with her sleek, sophisticated beauty. She's going from one picture to another so it seems that Jody won't have to hurry his growing-up to earn that money. Mother can earn it herself for a long time yet.



Deanna Durbin, photographed with husband Felix Jackson at the Waldorf-Astoria, smiles prettily for the cameraman on her recent trip to New York.

Gentleman Adventurer

Continued from page 41

you cry. The smash of the glass backs you up, and what you say is true, anyway."

One day the teacher, unknown to David applied for a Bobby to guard the premises against mysterious vandalism. David's next brick (the "outer" half, through the window) plunked the policeman, dead center. "Future games were called on account of pain—mine, not the Bobby's."

Vacations, in these early schoolboy days, were at the Isle of Wight or elsewhere near the sea. Horses, dogs, and blue water always make David's eyes shine, and ten years after the summers at the Isle of Wight he would represent England, in the 8-meter sailing class, for the famous Cumberland cup—and trounce the French boat.

All very nice. But that mathematical blank in David's mentality cost him much. It kept him out of the Navy. "You could never figure a gun elevation," they told him, "nor even read a sextant." Eton, where he had been registered before birth, didn't appreciate being second choice to the Navy, and scratched his name. By boning hard, he secured admission to a then new, now famous, school—Stowe.

"We had discipline," David remembers. "I was hauled off the playing field for swearing—ladies present. The proctor caned me and told me to report to the master in charge of my dorm. He, not knowing I had already been caned, gave me six more. I took them grimly, saying nothing. This was an outrage. I'd get someone in trouble over this—two canings for one offense!"

"I hurried, complaining, to the headmaster. 'Keep your swearing little mouth shut,' he said, 'and don't play lawyer.' He gave me six more."

The Science Master (Stinks, his course was called) had a chestful of medals from four years on the western front, but rumor alleged that just once this gentleman had run, and that machine-gun bullets had caught up with him, vitally, from behind. Fourteen remained, rumor continued, unextracted.

David rigged an electro-magnet under the teacher's chair, to see if he winced when he sat down. Unfortunately the Stinks Master stumbled over a wire on the way to the platform, uncovering the plant and voiding an experiment worthy of Sir Isaac Newton!

Boning much harder than he had boned for Stowe, David won entry to Sandhurst, England's West Point. He went in twenty numbers from the top in a class of 200, and came out twenty numbers from the bottom. "Below me," he says, "were eighteen Indians and one Transjordanian." Mathematics had thrown him again. Nevertheless his flair for things military and capacity for leadership (he won his blue for Rugby, incidentally) raised him to under-officer, highest rank in the Sandhurst student body. It also earned him—graduating at the incredible age of 19—a second lieutenantancy in those "Ladies from Hell"



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**Dr. Scholl's
FOOT BALM**



among whom his father had gallantly
died. ("They're the ones," David says,
"who wear kilts and spats at the same
time. Mostly, though, they wear trues,
which are long tartan trousers, narrowed
at the bottom. They wear spats with
those, too.")

During a long stint at picturesque
Malta, David became pals with one Mike
Trubshaw, whose sense of humor and
prankishness had kept him a second
lieutenant thirteen years. Malta sun is
hot and the regulation steel helmets be-
came torture. David and Mike had per-
fect papier-mâché imitations made, wore
them, and grinned at perspiring and
mystified fellow officers. Then one day,
during parade, came the inevitable tropi-
cal rainstorm. The fake helmets melted.
"That was the maddest the Colonel
ever was with me," David says, "ex-
cept the time I attended a masquerade
ball dressed as a goat. He thought that
was undignified."

A fellow officer once said of David,
"There was something dashing, impetu-
ous, something suited to the *style* of the
regiment, that endeared him no matter
what he did. He was actually one of the
Colonel's favorites."

Sent home for advanced officers' train-
ing courses, David was next assigned
to Dover Castle, whence England keeps
watch on the vital Channel. He became
depressed by the number of officers he
knew who received no promotion in
peacetime—just vegetated—and by the
fact that every young officer piled up
debts, for fancy uniforms and doodads,
that would haunt him all his life. Talk-
ing one night in a London club with
Captain Philip Astley, then Madeleine
Carroll's husband, David said, "I want
to get out."

"Don't discuss it with your Colonel,"
Captain Astley advised. "If you do,
you're sunk."

There in the club the young lieutenant
penned two documents. One was his
resignation from the Highland Light
Infantry; the other was an application
for two months' leave pending action on
the resignation. Without waiting for
reply, he sailed next morning for Can-
ada.

Here are some of the things that
happened, that first American trip, to
the young man who had looked so natty
in kilts—or in tails and top-hat.

In Canada—tried his hand at com-
mercial fishing, bridge-building, ditch-dig-
ging; had his tonsils pulled by a veter-
inarian; result, blood-poisoning.

In New York—registered at the Wal-
dorf, sneaked his laundry out to a
Chinese laundryman. Learning about
"no money, no shirt," he borrowed
a limousine from one of the Vander-
bilts and delivered laundry for Chung
Lee till the shirts were redeemed. Bor-
rowed a string of ex-polo ponies and
promoted horse-racing (one week) at
Atlantic City. As a champagne sales-
man, paid his Waldorf bill, but was
buncoed into delivering fifty cases on
the sidewalk before a well-known res-
taurant. The crook, who had posed as a
restaurant employee, had them switched
to another van; his check, was, of course,
worthless.

In Cuba—had some ideas about gun-

running, learned all the gang's secrets,
then remembered that, when resigning
from the Highland Light, he had signed
a paper promising "not to take part in
any military movement of a foreign
government or faction." To save his
life, the British consul got him aboard
the first outgoing freighter.

In Panama—asked himself: "If
peacetime Army offered no future, is it
any better to be an international
tramp?" Signed up as crew member of
the Nanking Maru, bound for Norway.
(It's easy to get from Norway to Eng-
land.) Went out on party with U.S.
sailors who promised to put him aboard.
They did—aboard the Yatsu Maru,
bound for San Francisco. On that smelly
Japanese freighter—the wrong one—a
hairy red hand shook him awake and a
pure cockney voice ordered, "Up an'
abart, myte! Yer watch is next!" There
was loud laughter when David inno-
cently asked: "How long will it take
us to get to Norway?"

In San Francisco—ran into some old
English friends, then living in Santa
Barbara, who invited him to visit them.

In Santa Barbara—heard about Holly-
wood.

Much has been written about David's
second and spectacular entry into Holly-
wood, but nothing at all about his
drab and unsuccessful first. Not want-
ing to wear out his hosts' hospitality,
anxious to secure work, he simply left
his friends' home, hitch-hiked south and
trudged the pavements from studio to
studio for six weeks. It didn't occur to
him to try to be an actor; he simply
wanted work—prop man, scene painter,
carpenter, anything! "No openings."

The Santa Barbara family, not hear-
ing from him, came down and hauled
him back. "Lord," he remembers, "I was
hungry!"

And here loomed new, really teeming
hospitality. Anchored off Santa Barbara,
as part of a goodwill tour of the U.S.
West Coast, rode H.M.S. Norfolk. She
had once patrolled the Malta area and
she overflowed with David's old pals.
They threw a party for him, such a
gala party that, somehow, he failed to
disembark before sailing time.

Next morning off San Pedro the
guest's reluctantly opening eyes viewed
through the porthole a craft so strange
and bizarre that David thought he was
"seeing things." The vision proved real.
Still in tuxedo, David was lowered by
rope to an antique deck milling with
press agents, correspondents and pho-
tographers. The ship, which the Nor-
folk had met by chance, was a replica
of the old H.M.S. Bounty, on which Direc-
tor Frank Lloyd was filming "Mutiny on
the Bounty." Lloyd offered the new-
comer a bit assignment but the tom-
tom manner of his arrival, drawing
columns of space, drew also the atten-
tion of the U.S. Immigration authori-
ties. They ruled, "Get out," and there
followed six weeks in Mexico—"a tamale
a day"—waiting for papers.

The Niven stubbornness had been
aroused and he returned, to pound pave-
ments again; yet this trying time was
to bring him one of those experiences
that makes a man's heart glow with faith
in human nature the rest of his life.

In London David met a young American actress, Sally Blane. No one can make a better bluff, during adversity, at looking chipper and prosperous, than David; yet when Sally ran into him outside a Hollywood studio gate he couldn't, by that time, have looked *too* prosperous. At once she invited, "Come home with me to dinner."

The remainder of the family consisted of Sally's two sisters, Polly Ann and Loretta Young, and their mother. Mrs. Young, her eyes and instinct missing nothing, ruled, that first evening, "Young man, you come and live with us, till you get a job." (David says, "I owe gratitude to hundreds of people, in many countries, but to none so much as to those four.")

Mrs. Young began a whirlwind campaign for her protégé and after some weeks landed him a dinner-table seat next to Sam Goldwyn. Sam had once noticed a young man standing outside a theater and had tapped him on the shoulder, smiled and asked: "Would you like to work in pictures?" That was Ronald Colman, and a similar prophetic hunch had brought Gary Cooper to the screen. It took virtually no time for the Niven vivacity and charm to register with such a picker, and three years, under Goldwyn's contract, David worked in twenty-three pictures, learning, improving, building up to such successes as "Dawn Patrol," "Bachelor Mother," and "Wuthering Heights."

When war broke out, in 1939, David was lounging in a bathing suit on Catalina Island. Goldwyn, knowing his

Niven, had a special plane fetch him, just as he was, within fifteen minutes, and at the studio, bathing suit was whisked off in exchange for tails and top-hat. Was that "Raffles" shot fast!

Perhaps because of the abrupt way in which David had departed from the Highland Light Infantry, he wasn't on the Army officers' reserve list. Goldwyn told him firmly, "Washington informs me that for the present England is calling back from other countries only reservists."

"Oh, I'm on reserve," David lied cheerfully, and cabled his brother in Scotland to cable him back—"REPORT REGIMENTAL DEPOT IMMEDIATELY—ADJUTANT."

In England David applied for service with the R.A.F. He failed in physical tests for high-flying, promptly applied for Army duty and was assigned (Hollywood's first World War II recruit) to the famous Rifle Brigade, in which he served through the hell of Dunkirk. Volunteering for one of the first Commando squads, and marked for the Normandy landing, he was transferred to the fabulous Phantom Reconnaissance Regiment, a super-secret, super-commando outfit. After being, as Captain, second in command of Squadron B, he became, as Major, first in command of Squadron A, a perilous post he held three years, doing advance scouting up the French beaches and in Belgium, Holland and Germany. As Colonel he served on General Eisenhower's staff, and considers him "one of the great men of all time." David's three British decorations

are the 1939 Star, the Normandy to Germany Star and the Defense of Britain Medal.

What was the most exciting thing that happened during this astonishing young man's six years of war? He wrote it in a letter to a friend: "In 1940, on August 5, the Luftwaffe were attacking an aerodrome near Canterbury. I was there and went quickly into a slit trench. I fell on top of a beautiful blonde WAAF and a white Pekinese. The dog bit me in the bottom and the WAAF married me ten days later."

Mrs. Niven's name was Primula Rollo, as Scotch as David himself (he calls her Primmy) and she and the two Niven children have now joined David in the United States.

You may be sure that Sam Goldwyn put on his best think-cap concerning David's "comeback" picture. Having nothing in hand himself that he thought suitable he looked all Hollywood over—were there offers!—and lent the Colonel to brilliant Producer Hal Wallis for "The Perfect Marriage." It's the story of a couple who decide to spend their tenth anniversary quietly at home, just enjoying each other's company. Out of nowhere, during the evening, flares one of those sudden quarrels that married folks know about. Soon an old boy friend of the wife (Eddie Albert) and a bold girl who wants the husband (Virginia Field) complicate the plot.

Besides the fact that "The Perfect Marriage" is a bang-up comedy-drama, two things about it particularly pleased David. First, the picture's feminine star

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perspire excessively from exertion or fatigue—
just do this: Rub them for a minute or two
with soothing Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. You will
get the quickest, most grateful relief imaginable.
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm will put you right back on
your feet, so comforted, rested and refreshed that
you'll marvel. By all means get
a jar today. Costs but a trifle.
At Drug, Shoe, Department
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**Dr. Scholl's
FOOT BALM**



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Sent home for advanced officers' train-
ing courses, David was next assigned
to Dover Castle, whence England keeps
watch on the vital Channel. He became
depressed by the number of officers he
knew who received no promotion in
peacetime—just vegetated—and by the
fact that every young officer piled up
debts, for fancy uniforms and doodads,
that would haunt him all his life. Talk-
ing one night in a London club with
Captain Philip Astley, then Madeleine
Carroll's husband, David said, "I want
to get out."

"Don't discuss it with your Colonel,"
Captain Astley advised. "If you do,
you're sunk."

There in the club the young lieutenant
penned two documents. One was his
resignation from the Highland Light
Infantry; the other was an application
for two months' leave pending action on
the resignation. Without waiting for
reply, he sailed next morning for Can-
ada.

Here are some of the things that
happened, that first American trip, to
the young man who had looked so natty
in kilts—or in tails and top-hat.

In Canada—tried his hand at com-
mercial fishing, bridge-building, ditch-dig-
ging; had his tonsils pulled by a veteri-
narian; result, blood-poisoning.

In New York—registered at the Wal-
dorf, sneaked his laundry out to a
Chinese laundryman. Learning about
"no money, no shirtee," he borrowed
a limousine from one of the Vander-
bilts and delivered laundry for Chung
Lee till the shirts were redeemed. Bor-
rowed a string of ex-polo ponies and
promoted horse-racing (one week) at
Atlantic City. As a champagne sales-
man, paid his Waldorf bill, but was
buncoed into delivering fifty cases on
the sidewalk before a well-known res-
taurant. The crook, who had posed as a
restaurant employee, had them switched
to another van; his check, was, of course,
worthless.

In Cuba—had some ideas about gun-

running, learned all the gang's secrets,
then remembered that, when resigning
from the Highland Light, he had signed
a paper promising "not to take part in
any military movement of a foreign
government or faction." To save his
life, the British consul got him aboard
the first outgoing freighter.

In Panama—asked himself: "If
peacetime Army offered no future, is it
any better to be an international
tramp?" Signed up as crew member of
the Nanking Maru, bound for Norway.
(It's easy to get from Norway to Eng-
land.) Went out on party with U.S.
sailors who promised to put him aboard.
They did—aboard the Yatsu Maru,
bound for San Francisco. On that smelly
Japanese freighter—the wrong one—a
hairy red hand shook him awake and a
pure cockney voice ordered, "Up an'
abart, myte! Yer watch is next!" There
was loud laughter when David inno-
cently asked: "How long will it take
us to get to Norway?"

In San Francisco—ran into some old
English friends, then living in Santa
Barbara, who invited him to visit them.

In Santa Barbara—heard about Holly-
wood.

Much has been written about David's
second and spectacular entry into Holly-
wood, but nothing at all about his
drab and unsuccessful first. Not want-
ing to wear out his hosts' hospitality,
anxious to secure work, he simply left
his friends' home, hitch-hiked south and
trudged the pavements from studio to
studio for six weeks. It didn't occur to
him to try to be an actor; he simply
wanted work—prop man, scene painter,
carpenter, anything! "No openings."

The Santa Barbara family, not hear-
ing from him, came down and hauled
him back. "Lord," he remembers, "I was
hungry!"

And here loomed new, really teeming
hospitality. Anchored off Santa Barbara,
as part of a goodwill tour of the U.S.
West Coast, rode H.M.S. Norfolk. She
had once patrolled the Malta area and
she overflowed with David's old pals.
They threw a party for him, such a
gala party that, somehow, he failed to
disembark before sailing time.

Next morning off San Pedro the
guest's reluctantly opening eyes viewed
through the porthole a craft so strange
and bizarre that David thought he was
"seeing things." The vision proved real.
Still in tuxedo, David was lowered by
rope to an antique deck milling with
press agents, correspondents and pho-
tographers. The ship, which the Nor-
folk had met by chance, was a replica
of the old H.M.S. Bounty, on which Direc-
tor Frank Lloyd was filming "Mutiny on
the Bounty." Lloyd offered the new-
comer a bit assignment but the tom-
tom manner of his arrival, drawing
columns of space, drew also the atten-
tion of the U.S. Immigration authori-
ties. They ruled, "Get out," and there
followed six weeks in Mexico—"a tamale
a day"—waiting for papers.

The Niven stubbornness had been
aroused and he returned, to pound pave-
ments again; yet this trying time was
to bring him one of those experiences
that makes a man's heart glow with faith
in human nature the rest of his life.

In London David met a young American actress, Sally Blane. No one can make a better bluff, during adversity, at looking chipper and prosperous, than David; yet when Sally ran into him outside a Hollywood studio gate he couldn't, by that time, have looked *too* prosperous. At once she invited, "Come home with me to dinner."

The remainder of the family consisted of Sally's two sisters, Polly Ann and Loretta Young, and their mother. Mrs. Young, her eyes and instinct missing nothing, ruled, that first evening, "Young man, you come and live with us, till you get a job." (David says, "I owe gratitude to hundreds of people, in many countries, but to none so much as to those four.")

Mrs. Young began a whirlwind campaign for her protégé and after some weeks landed him a dinner-table seat next to Sam Goldwyn. Sam had once noticed a young man standing outside a theater and had tapped him on the shoulder, smiled and asked: "Would you like to work in pictures?" That was Ronald Colman, and a similar prophetic hunch had brought Gary Cooper to the screen. It took virtually no time for the Niven vivacity and charm to register with such a picker, and three years, under Goldwyn's contract, David worked in twenty-three pictures, learning, improving, building up to such successes as "Dawn Patrol," "Bachelor Mother," and "Wuthering Heights."

When war broke out, in 1939, David was lounging in a bathing suit on Catalina Island. Goldwyn, knowing his

Niven, had a special plane fetch him, just as he was, within fifteen minutes, and at the studio, bathing suit was whisked off in exchange for tails and top-hat. Was that "Raffles" shot fast!

Perhaps because of the abrupt way in which David had departed from the Highland Light Infantry, he wasn't on the Army officers' reserve list. Goldwyn told him firmly, "Washington informs me that for the present England is calling back from other countries only reservists."

"Oh, I'm on reserve," David lied cheerfully, and cabled his brother in Scotland to cable him back—"REPORT REGIMENTAL DEPOT IMMEDIATELY—ADJUTANT."

In England David applied for service with the R.A.F. He failed in physical tests for high-flying, promptly applied for Army duty and was assigned (Hollywood's first World War II recruit) to the famous Rifle Brigade, in which he served through the hell of Dunkirk. Volunteering for one of the first Commando squads, and marked for the Normandy landing, he was transferred to the fabulous Phantom Reconnaissance Regiment, a super-secret, super-commando outfit. After being, as Captain, second in command of Squadron B, he became, as Major, first in command of Squadron A, a perilous post he held three years, doing advance scouting up the French beaches and in Belgium, Holland and Germany. As Colonel he served on General Eisenhower's staff, and considers him "one of the great men of all time." David's three British decorations

are the 1939 Star, the Normandy to Germany Star and the Defense of Britain Medal.

What was the most exciting thing that happened during this astonishing young man's six years of war? He wrote it in a letter to a friend: "In 1940, on August 5, the Luftwaffe were attacking an aerodrome near Canterbury. I was there and went quickly into a slit trench. I fell on top of a beautiful blonde WAAF and a white Pekinese. The dog bit me in the bottom and the WAAF married me ten days later."

Mrs. Niven's name was Primula Rollo, as Scotch as David himself (he calls her Primmy) and she and the two Niven children have now joined David in the United States.

You may be sure that Sam Goldwyn put on his best think-cap concerning David's "comeback" picture. Having nothing in hand himself that he thought suitable he looked all Hollywood over—were there offers!—and lent the Colonel to brilliant Producer Hal Wallis for "The Perfect Marriage." It's the story of a couple who decide to spend their tenth anniversary quietly at home, just enjoying each other's company. Out of nowhere, during the evening, flares one of those sudden quarrels that married folks know about. Soon an old boy friend of the wife (Eddie Albert) and a bold girl who wants the husband (Virginia Field) complicate the plot.

Besides the fact that "The Perfect Marriage" is a bang-up comedy-drama, two things about it particularly pleased David. First, the picture's feminine star

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is lovely Loretta Young, of that family that so befriended David in days when he needed a boost. (It's certain that Loretta never dreamed that she would someday co-star with the rather hungry-looking young Englishman whom her mother invited to stay in the house "till you get a job.")

A second pleasing feature, and pleasing to Hal Wallis, too, was the nervous look at the first day's rushes. Six years' war! Yet there he was—same mannerisms (natural), same smile, charm, and

town. "She had never been near theatrical or movie people," he said, "and the London film colony was a delightful surprise to her. She can hardly wait to see Hollywood wonders and to meet people who, I have assured her, are among the most cordial and interesting in the world."

The two boys, David, Jr., and James, ought to add considerably to Hollywood's very youngest set. David, now three, had Vivien Leigh and Noel Coward for godparents. Coward gave him as



While waiting for "on the air" signal, Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman spend a pleasant moment reminiscing their first co-starring appearance in "Gaslight." They're next scheduled to make Erich Remarque's "Arch of Triumph" into dramatic film fare.

vivacity. What would it take to change that Niven personality!

The main excitement for David, though, throughout the picture's shooting, was the imminent hope that his family would be able to secure transatlantic passage and join him.

"I almost hesitate to talk about her," he said of his wife. "Recently, when I chatted with a newspaperman about her, I thought she was on the Queen Elizabeth. Then I got a cable. She wasn't! I don't want to jinx her."

However, David was anxious not only to show "Primmy" off to Hollywood, but to watch her enjoyment of the

a "godfather" present a silver cocktail shaker, bearing an inscription that began:

"Because, my godson dear, I rather think you'll grow up like your father . . ."

Of James, born last November, David says, "When I last saw him he was a little, red old man of ten weeks."

On any subject the Niven wit breaks through. "Is your wife," the interviewer asked, "a movie fan?"

"She's a terrific movie fan!" David answered enthusiastically. "She once went into a movie, saw me on the screen and walked right out!"

This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 33

the wheel today may find that when the wheel turns they are on the bottom, and vice versa. It is vital that those in important positions use their power properly, for if they are cruel and unfair, some day when the wheel turns and they are on the bottom and those whom they maltreated are on top, they will pay the penalty for their former acts of unkindness.

I believe there are punishments on earth for those who deserve them. I remember a woman photographer in Vienna who once asked me whether she could take some photographs of me for the showcase in front of her studio and for display in front of theaters. I consented on condition that she promise not to use the photographs in any other way. She agreed. Shortly afterwards, a newspaper advertisement came out showing me wearing a suit made by the best tailor in Vienna but claiming that the suit had been made for me by a very inferior tailor. I thought it was an outrage to use my picture in this way to persuade people to buy suits from a man whose work couldn't possibly compare with that of the tailor I patronized. I called up the woman photographer and asked her if she had given permission to the tailor to use this picture, and she told me she hadn't. "There is so much corruption," she half-sobbed. "Someone in my laboratory must have given it to him." "Then I can go ahead and sue him?" I asked. "That's right," she said. "He hasn't a leg to stand on." I did sue him, and he proved in court that this woman photographer had given him the photograph for the express purpose of using it as he did. I lost my suit and had to pay all the expenses, because after double-crossing me, she had lied to me.

Years later she came to America, desperate, a refugee, and begged me to help her. She was in such great need that there was no one else to whom she could turn. I suppose I should have turned her down when she asked me to come to her studio to pose for her. But I felt that God should judge her, not I. I also felt, as I told her, that she had been punished enough by being chased all over Europe.

Religion. I believe there is a Force somewhere which created the universe. The Origin of everything is God.

Church. I think that the church—every church—has a wonderful mission and has done a great deal of good. I myself was born and raised a Roman Catholic. Like every Catholic, I went to confession. I believe that confession is good for the soul. In a way, it is similar to what psychoanalysis accomplishes. Confession is a wonderful psychological treatment. I remember the first time I confessed a boyish indiscretion to a priest. He admitted that he himself had sinned as a young man, and told me why what I did was wrong, and what I must do in the future.

In psychoanalysis, as in everything, one must choose carefully. Mind you—I am not condemning psychoanalysts. I think that in this field there are some

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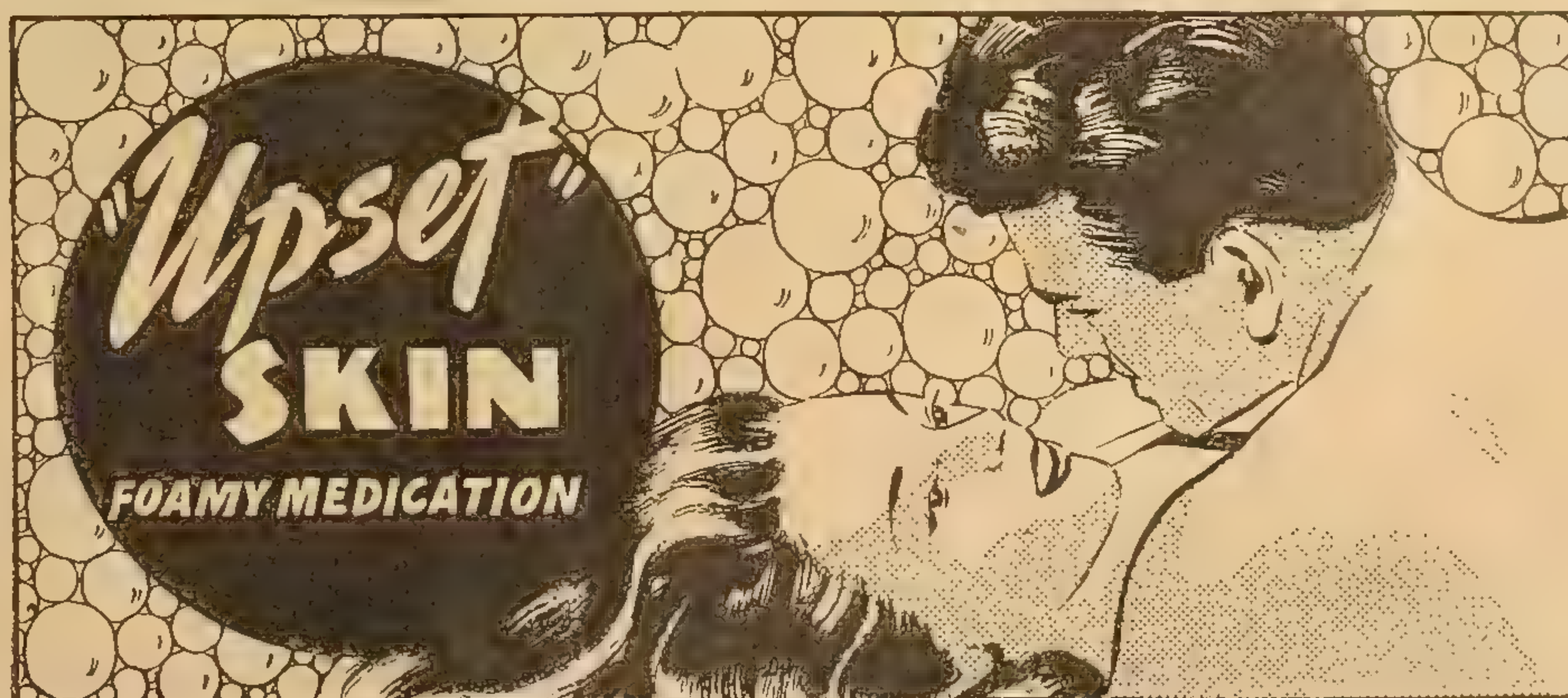
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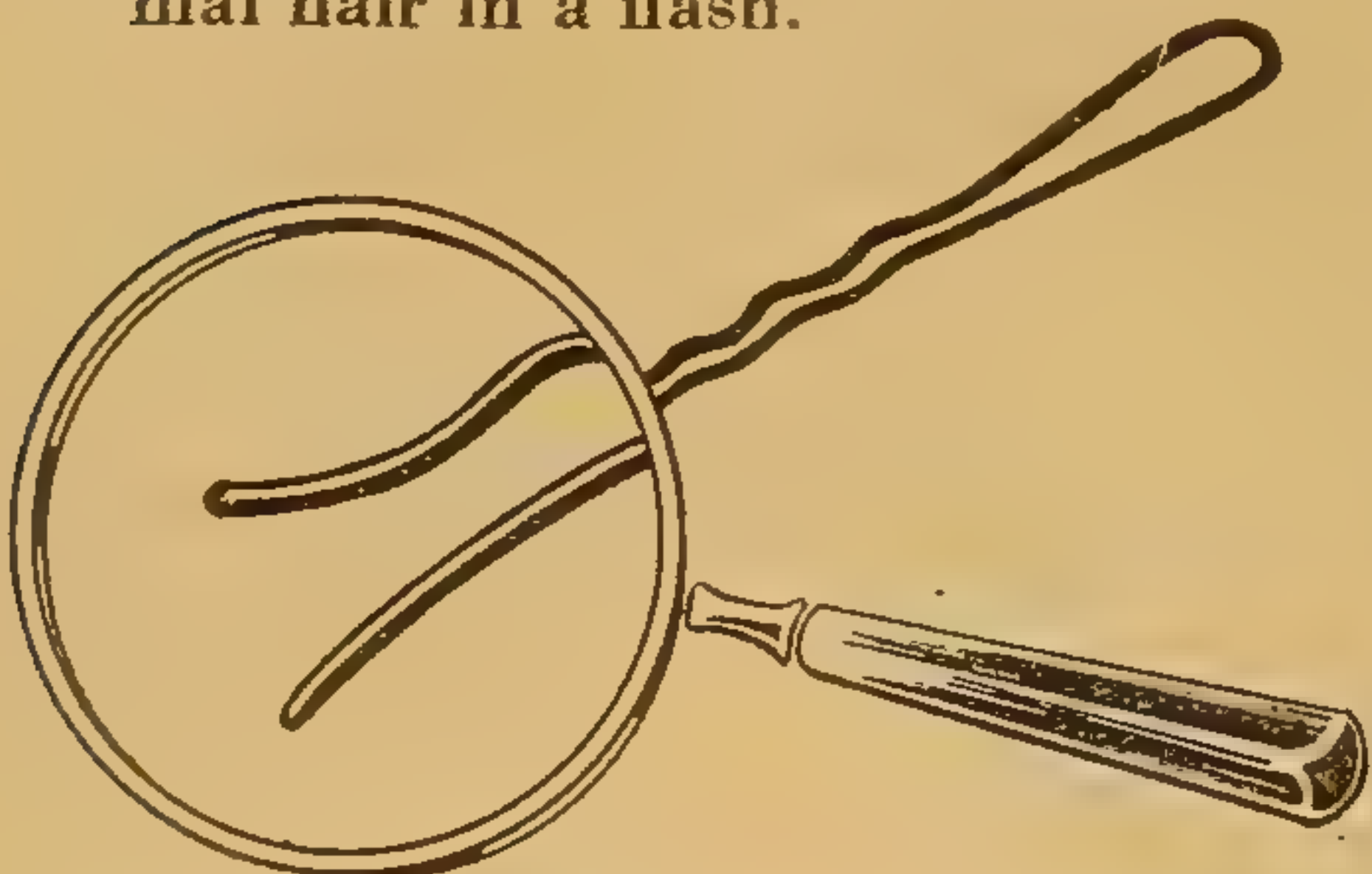
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wonderful men; there are others who just take your money and thrive upon your suffering. I remember a very wonderful experience I had with a very great psychoanalyst, the late Dr. Alfred Adler. At the time I was attending the equivalent of high school here, and I was doing very badly in my studies, so badly in fact that I had to repeat an entire grade. My relatives, distressed at this, told my mother that I would never amount to anything, that I didn't have brains enough to make good at anything but a routine job. They advised her to take me out of school and apprentice me to a bootmaker or a tailor.

My mother was distressed at this advice, and appealed to one of my uncles. He thought I should see Dr. Adler, a friend of his. So one afternoon Dr. Adler talked to me for about an hour and a half. What he said rid me of all my complexes and laid the basis for my future.

Yet what he said was extraordinarily simple. After talking to me, he said, "Those idiots" (meaning my distant relatives) "think that you are dumb. Having talked to you, I know that you are a very intelligent boy—more intelligent than I was at your age. Then I had the same trouble. I couldn't master Latin, mathematics, and Greek either, till my father sat down with me one day and said, 'Those studies are really fun. You are not dumb, regardless of what your teachers say. These studies should be made to live for you. Your teachers are the ones who are dumb, believing that a bright boy can learn things taught in a dry manner. They ought to point out to you the parallels between the things that happened in Caesar's day and the things that are happening today.' He opened my eyes to how interesting the classics can be, and from that time on, my school work improved sensationally."

What Dr. Adler's father had done for him, my talk with Dr. Adler did for me. From that day on, I was first in my class in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Dr. Adler had aroused my interest in those subjects by pointing out the kind of parallels between ancient and modern times which his father pointed out to him, and he had given me confidence in my ability to learn difficult subjects.

Prayer. I believe in prayer. It offers relief from sorrows, and it inspires concentration for doing right. By praying, "God, please help me to be good tomorrow," you are concentrating on the desire to be good, which helps you to achieve it.

Immortality. I think that there is something that survives after we die. I don't know what it is. I am very much out of my depth on this subject. There is a man in Hollywood, a character actor who appeared with me in "Spanish Main," J. M. Kerrigan, who played *Pillory*, who has made a profound study of the subject. Often, between scenes of the picture, he would discuss some of the things he has read about. He told me that there are certain sects living in Alaska, Newfoundland, and other remote places who believe they have contact with people who have died. These sects have developed a different way of living, thinking, responding and seeing than most of us.

So far we don't know about immortality. We can only hope. Our whole way of living is not the way we were perhaps meant to live. We were apparently intended to be four-legged creatures, and have had a difficult time adjusting our balance, as we go about on two legs. Perhaps the change in our position has changed certain functions of our brains. Under other circumstances, we might possibly have some contact with those who have gone on. The subject is beyond



First English war bride to be signed by movies, Joyce Aldrich, shown studying script here with her husband, Roy Schultz, who formerly served with the Army Air Corps.

my knowledge—I haven't even read about it much—but I believe that our souls survive.

Morals. On the subject of man-made morals, I understand that Chaplin in his new picture, "Bluebeard," gives a wonderful speech. He brings *Bluebeard* up to date by showing his reaction when he learns of the death of several hundred thousand human beings through the dropping of a couple of atom bombs. *Bluebeard* laments the fact that he is condemned just for killing seven or eight wives, while the man with the bomber and the atom bomb is glorified and hailed as a hero.

War and Peace. I am against war. What sane human being is for it? Murder is bad. One of the commandments says, "Thou shalt not kill." War is multiplied crime; multiplied murder. Yet I am afraid the conscientious objectors have not found the solution. If an action such as Lew Ayres' in refusing to kill in war-time could have changed the course of the world, wouldn't it be wonderful? But let's face it—no one man can change the course of events.

Wars cannot be ended when the forces which create war are at work. A war doesn't start when the first gun goes off. If nobody made guns or armaments, there would be no wars. If there were an order put out universally that wars would be fought only by men over 50, I don't believe there would be wars. And I think there should be an international council of scientists to work on plans for making atom power useful to human beings.

In the past, every invention has been used to benefit a few people first instead of the masses. Atom power could be used to benefit all the people. If atom power were harnessed to constructive purposes, the masses would not have to work 40 or 48 hours a week. We would only need to work 10 hours a week perhaps, to achieve the same or better results. Thus we would all profit through additional leisure and freedom to pursue educational subjects.

The Post-war World. It can be very wonderful, or very terrifying. Bernard Shaw, in his brilliant book, "What's What," contends that there is a revolution going on all over the world, which is going to produce first Communism, and then state-controlled capitalism. This is Shaw's contention, not mine. I believe that this country has always been ahead politically and jumped over periods, because of its wealth and power, that other nations have had to go through. I believe that the American Constitution, a brilliant and magnificent document, can be the foundation and the solution of every problem of government, provided we truly observe it. According to our Constitution, all men are equal. Let us keep them equal.

Work and Success. Success can be founded on either sincerity or luck. The combination of both is usually irresistible. In the arts, you have to have some talent, too, in addition.

Love and Marriage. I believe that there is such a thing as love at first sight. However, even if you do fall in love at first sight, I don't believe in a hasty marriage. To achieve a happy marriage, you



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must be sure that you are marrying the right person. Don't be too rash, impulsive, and hasty in making this all-important decision. I knew my wife about a year before we were married.

A second rule for achieving a happy marriage is to be ready to adjust yourself to the other person. Be interested in each other and try to know each other.

Third, remember the sentimental occasions, but remember also that it is sometimes more important to prove to the person you love that you were thinking of him when there was no special occasion. A wife may expect a gift on Christmas, or her birthday, but why not remember her also at other times? If you have to go out of town on business, why not return with a nice gift? The present itself should be personal. Don't pick up the phone and order a dozen roses—beautiful though they are—but go to the flower shop and make some personal arrangement, so that the one you love will feel that some thought and some interest went into the gift.

Children. I do not believe in the old idea, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Lisl and I have two children, Monica, three years old, and Mimi, one. We have never spanked either child. Instead we talk to them. Mimi is too young to spank and by the same token too young to get into much mischief. As for Monica, just a change in the tone of our voices is sufficient.

Happiness. Some people can't be happy unless they are surrounded by ten other people in a luxurious environment. Others can be happy sitting alone on hard concrete, reading a book. One man can walk three blocks and be happy. Another driving around in a luxurious, specially-built Cadillac is unhappy.

Happiness has a great deal to do with your youth, education, and the circumstances under which you grow up. If you can arouse a child's interest in little things and teach him to be happy about small things, he will have the gift of happiness when he grows up. In bringing up a child, it makes little difference whether you can only afford a ten cent toy or can afford hundreds of expensive toys. If you just buy a toy and hand it to a child but don't show him how to play with it, he may get no joy out of it at all. But if you teach a child how to play, he will get fun out of inexpensive toys. Monica has a glass ball that cost all of ten cents. She is fascinated by it, because my wife and I have showed her how to play with it and have tried to arouse her imagination. Monica is really the happiest child I know or can imagine. One reason for that is that young as she is, she has learned the great art of sharing. The greatest happiness comes out of sharing. A child should be taught that giving, not receiving, is the great thing. If I tell Monica that I am going to New York and ask her what gifts I should bring home, she says, "A little toy church for Mimi and some chocolates for Lutzi" (Lutzi's her nurse).

Then I say to her, "And what about you?" "Oh, bring something for me, too," she says, dismissing that as if it were unimportant. Her first thought is for the pleasure she can bring to others.

She and Robert, the two-year-old Fred MacMurray boy, are wonderful friends. Sh-h-h, scandal, I have seen him putting his arms around Monica and kissing her. Monica, for her part, always likes to bring something to Robert. She believes in the joy of giving and she likes to comfort others. My wife, Lisl, is like that, too. She would far rather give presents than receive them. I think young people should be taught this, before they reach the age of adolescence.

Friendship. If you are of good spirits and optimistic, you will probably make more friends than if you are pessimistic by nature and are usually depressed. You never know who your real friends are, until you are in trouble or face some misfortune. Often, under such circumstances, the people you thought were your friends, the ones you would have sworn would stick by you, disappear very suddenly. Someone you never thought cared an iota about you will battle for you and do everything he possibly can to help you.

Some friendships are destined not to last. There are people whose paths cross, who have just so much to give to each other, and whose paths naturally part when they have nothing more to give. You must not feel too badly when such friendships end. Sometimes you still would like to be the other person's friend, but his interests no longer include you.

There are times when I have felt rebuffed when people who had been very close to me and very kind to me have stopped seeing me. Sometimes I have asked, "What did I do to offend you? Or did someone perhaps repeat some bit of gossip that turned you against me?" On asking such a question, I have sometimes been told that the other person still liked me as much as ever, but had been too busy to keep in touch with me. That isn't very flattering, of course, but it is true that one person sometimes loses interest before the other does. When I lose interest in someone who once interested me, I try to force myself to be interested. Perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps one should drop contacts that no longer stimulate one.

Making friends sometimes depends upon your own attitude. I know a man who was once a great actor in Vienna, but who has not been so successful in this country. In Vienna, because of the glamor attached to his success, people sought him out and fawned on him. Now, not so successful, he is very self-conscious because he believes himself to be a very homely man. He is afraid that people are repelled by his lack of looks. The result is that he has drawn into his shell, is very shy, and it takes weeks, perhaps months to know him. He will not let the world know him, and most people will not work so hard to make a friend as they must to make him their friend. Once you know him, his friendship is well worth having, but he makes a mistake, I think, in being so shy and self-conscious. If you think a great deal about other people and worry not at all about yourself, you will usually be able to make more friends.

Hollywood society differs, however, from that of almost any other town. In every other city, you have the worshipped

and the worshippers. For every successful person, there are twenty-five worshippers. But in Hollywood actors mingle almost exclusively with actors, and so there are no worshippers. Very often the actors themselves realize that going around with the same clique all the time has a deleterious effect on them and they sigh, "We must get away from the same faces all the time. We must get away from Hollywood." But the very next party finds them mingling with the very same group, the same clique, the same faces. And if an actor does start going with someone from a different clique, he is apt to be condemned by the members of his own clique, who decide that he is no longer their friend, since he has been seen with a member of a different clique. I do not believe in this clique method of Hollywood. My wife and I mingle not so much with movie actors, as with musicians, stage actors and writers.

The life of a movie actor is really anything but glamorous. We wake up at five or six when working on a picture, go to the studio, are made up, play in a certain number of scenes, go home and go to bed early so that we can rise early the next morning. Often a movie actor might just as well be living in a monastery. When he is really working hard, he has little time for reading or seeing people. He has no opportunity to get new ideas. If he mingles only with other movie actors, they will have very few ideas to exchange, because what is there for them to talk about? What could two men in different monasteries both conducted on similar plans have to tell each other? If such men mingled only with each other, a new idea would rarely reach either of them. It is this sort of society to which movie actors who will talk only to other movie actors confine themselves. Of course, it is true that some movie actors manage to keep well-informed, but they are usually actors who are not bound by the ridiculous idea that they must choose all their friends from their own profession.

However, I believe that the choice as to how one should live is up to the individual. He need not live just as everyone else in a given environment does. I believe that every individual has a chance to choose the kind of life he wants, to a large extent. I am not a fatalist, as you can see.

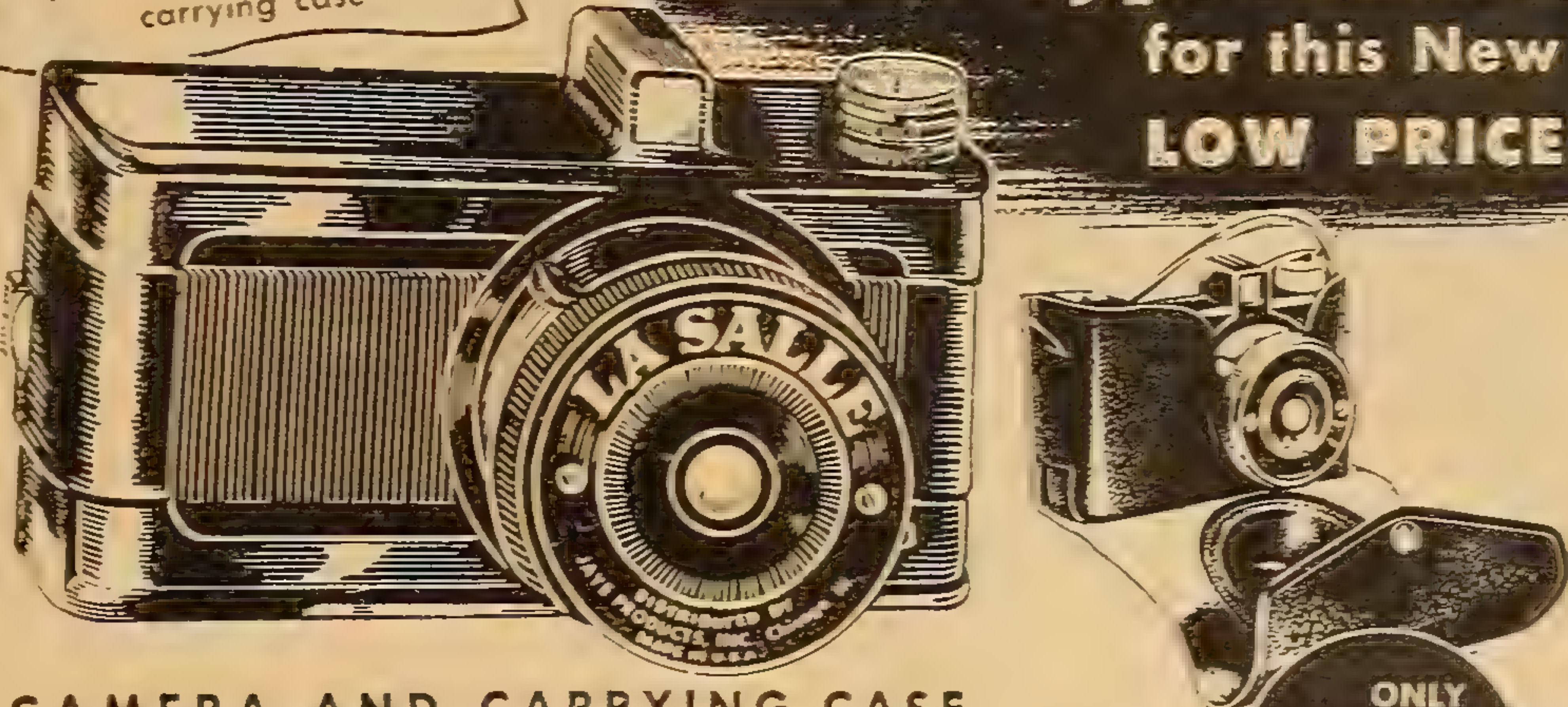
I believe that there is some form of survival after death; but that God alone is the judge of how we have lived and of what should happen to us after death. I do not believe that the Power beyond all power will be governed by petty man-made ideas on morality.

I believe that happiness comes through learning to share with others, and learning to find joy in small things. Friendships, too, grow from our willingness to share with others, to give as much or more than we take.

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tion picture history on the canvases of his lusty, school-of-d'Artagnan epic-making films: "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Gaucho."

As a teen-ager, Douglas was News when, his father having married Mary Pickford, they became, Mary and the senior Fairbanks, the Royal Family of Hollywood and their home, Pickfair, the Palace to which came, eagerly, the great of the social, professional and artistic world—royalty, too—and in which "Young Doug" as he was everywhere known was, of course, the "Crown Prince."

He was News when, at nineteen, he married Joan Crawford. Front Page News, with every detail of their youthful romance and marriage emblazoned and embellished in the press, and their home life less private than the "goldfish bowl" to which the home life of the stars in Hollywood is, or was then, commonly compared. He was News when, some four years after his marriage to Joan Crawford, they were divorced.

He was News when, some while later in London, his engagement to stage star Gertrude Lawrence, was rumored. News again when the rumor died.

His life in London, his friendships with Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Dukes of Windsor and Kent, Noel Coward, Bea Lillie; his second marriage in April of 1939 to socialite Mary Lee Epling Hartford; the birth of their first daughter, Daphne, and, finally, his enlisting in the Navy long before America was at war—all News. And most of the "items," it must be admitted newsworthy.

Born in New York City, December 9, thirty-six years ago, Douglas was not brought up to be the heir to headlines; is, indeed, allergic to them and intends to see to it, he told me, that his home life in Hollywood is, in future, "Unpublicized and," he added crisply, "private. This can be accomplished because I will lead," Fairbanks explained, "two different lives. One in the studio which, when I leave the sound stage at 6 p.m., will not carry over, or begin again, until the next day."

Furthermore, although the four Fairbankses—Douglas, Mrs. Douglas, and their two small daughters, Daphne, six, Victoria, three—will make their home, when Douglas is working, in the house in Pacific Palisades they bought some years ago, it is their farm in Virginia to which, between pictures, they will return, which will be "headquarters."

That Douglas was not, as a youngster, brought up as heir apparent to headlines was due to the fact that, after his parents were divorced, his time was spent mostly with his mother, so that except for playing ("For the heck of it") an occasional extra part in his father's early pictures, the rocketing, romantic career of the elder Fairbanks had very little direct influence on his only son.

Educated in New York City, Pasadena and Los Angeles, "Young Doug" also went to school in London and in

Paris where, seriously interested in the arts, he studied painting, sculpture and languages, haunted the Louvre and other art galleries, read omnivorously and tried his restive hand at writing poems, essays and short stories, for publication.

A slender, sensitive youth, a curious combination of dreamer of dreams and doer of deeds, it was not until 1923 that Douglas thought of the screen—a combination of the art-form he loved, the written word, the pictured deed—as a career.

In Paris in 1923, the thirteen-year-old boy made contact, through a friend, with the Paramount Studios, gave his age as eighteen, was sent to Hollywood and was launched, with the customary Fairbanks fanfare, in his first picture, "Stephen Steps Out."

When it became manifestly impossible—and it did—for the inexperienced teen-ager to live up to the premature ballyhoo, he was unceremoniously dropped from the Paramount payroll and went, at once, back to Paris—to studies, to writing, to dreaming, to art. But he didn't stay in Paris, that time. Not for long.

In New York several months ago Commander Fairbanks, in his first press conference in five years, was asked whether he was going back to pictures.

"Yes," he told reporters, "I suppose so."

The reporters asked, "Why?"

To which Commander Fairbanks replied, rather startlingly, "From necessity."

"That answer," Douglas told me some days after the press conference, "was a feeble attempt at humor. I didn't mean it, of course. That is," he grinned, "precisely. Actually I was out of practice, talking to reporters. I had forgotten how to be interviewed so, floundering, unable to think of a good answer fast enough, I said the first silly thing that came to my tongue."

"What I meant, and should have said, was, 'Well, boys, I am going back to the screen because it has been my life for 25 years. Because it is a hell of a good medium. Because, though an awful lot of tripe is put out by Hollywood, it is still a good medium. A great medium. One of the greatest since Man first drew a buffalo, with a piece of flint, on the wall of a cave.'"

So, in Paris, those years ago, "Young Doug" didn't stay for long; didn't, in fact, stay for more than 8 months after it became clear to him, *then as now*, that pictures were what he cared about, and wanted to do.

Beginning, on the second try, as a beginner, Douglas managed to get a job as a stock player. Then, progressing slowly but, as he learned to handle with dexterity the tools of his trade, more and more solidly, he played rôles of ever-increasing importance until, in 1925, he scored his first, and very fine success in "Stella Dallas."

With the advent of talkies Douglas, who had done quite a few plays in the

meantime, and whose speaking voice and diction are, to understate it, a pleasure, came into his own. Signing a long-term contract with the First National-Warner Bros. Pictures, he began to play leads in such hit productions as, at random, "The Careless Age," "Little Accident," "Dawn Patrol," "Outward Bound," "Union Depot" and so on and on, until to enumerate all his picture credits would mean like calling by name all the campaign ribbons, battle stars and citations he wears on his coat—settling down to write a trilogy.

But for you whose movie memories begin less than five years ago, I will mention, again at random, a few pictures in which I remember him best: "Morning Glory," with Katharine Hepburn; "Having Wonderful Time," with Ginger Rogers; "The Amateur Gentleman," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Young in Heart," "Rulers of the Sea," in which he played starring rôles; "Joy of Living," in which he co-starred with Irene Dunne; "Angels Over Broadway," which he co-produced, wrote and directed with Ben Hecht, and in which he played the starring rôle. "The Corsican Brothers" was the last picture he made before, early in Spring of 1941, he joined up with the United States Naval Reserve, was commissioned Lieutenant (j.g.) from which he rose, as you know, to the rank of full Commander.

As if *that* isn't News! As if every day of every week of every month of his five years in the Navy—serving on destroyers, cruisers, battleships, subchasers, mine sweepers, raiding craft; in Task Force Units, in Commando type units (many of which he trained and commanded) isn't News.

Familiar with a few of his citations (The British Distinguished Service Cross for "heroism in Italy," awarded by King George VI; the Combat Legion of Merit, awarded for "heroism and outstanding services during the invasion of Southern France"; the Silver Star for "outstanding and conspicuous gallantry during Salerno landings"; the French Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre, with palm, awarded by General de Gaulle for "complete disregard of danger under extra hazardous conditions during the assault of Elba"), it was a wonder, I

thought, and said, that he had come through alive, let alone looking, as he does, very fit and very fine and—and to take liberties with a full Commander—bobby-sox bait, if ever I saw it!

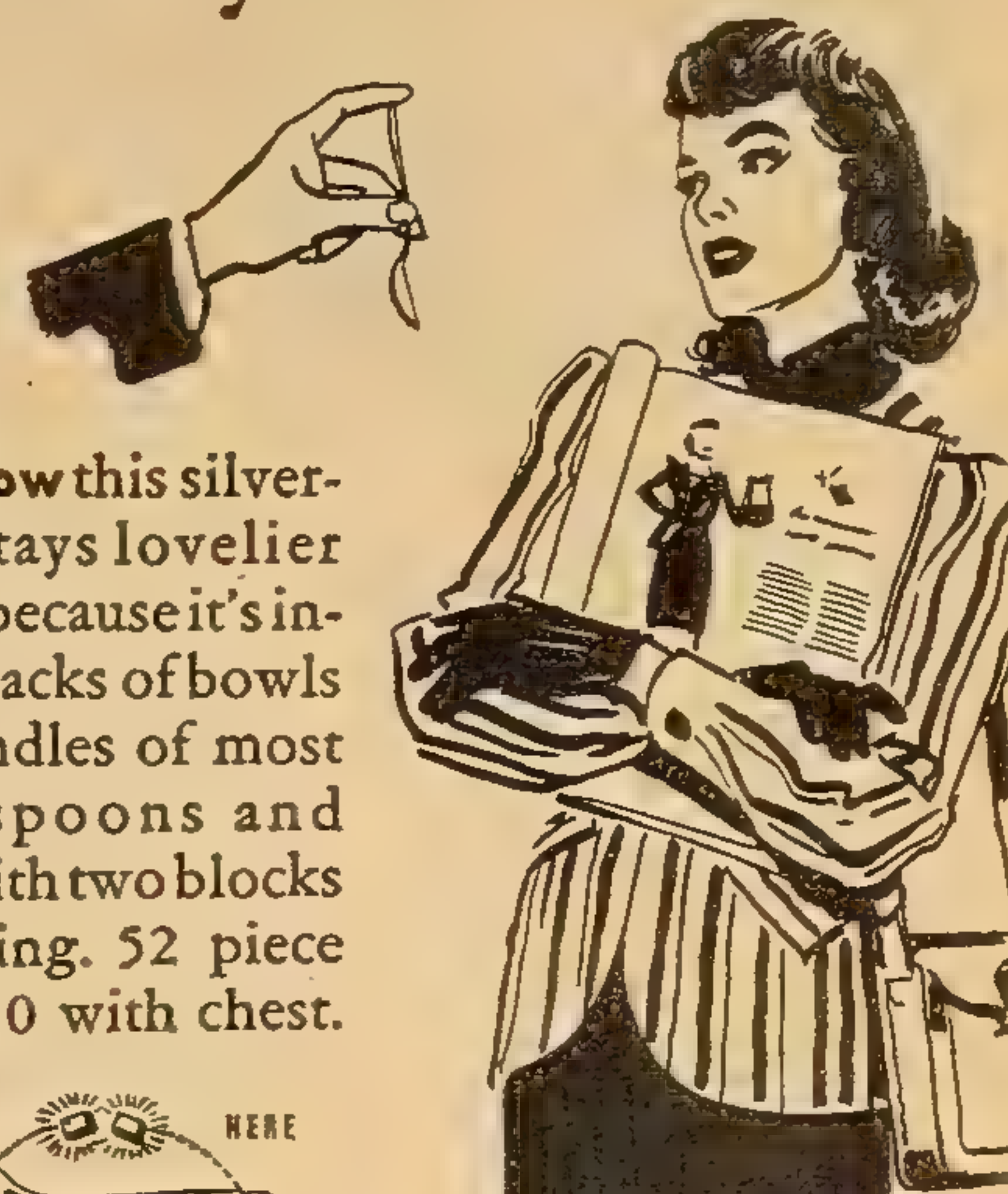
"Never wounded, thank God," Fairbanks said, soberly, in answer to my spoken thought about the miracle of his surviving. He added with a grin, "Always ducked too fast! Shrapnel came down—not a scratch! Dents in my tin hat, none in my head! On convoy to Russia, about two-thirds of the convoy were sunk and mine, without a leak!"

With the stirring words, "complete disregard for danger under hazardous conditions" playing trumpets in my ears, I said, "Doesn't home seem a little dull to you, after—well, after Murmansk and Greece and Italy and the English Channel? Won't making pictures seem—after the American Theater and the European-African Mid Eastern Theater—a little tame?"

Fairbanks shook his well-groomed head. "No," he said. "To both questions—no. At first, when I first got back, that is, it was strange. Or it seemed strange. Unreal. Rather like watching a movie. Or a show put on by the USO. The cars in the streets, you know. The full menus. Light in the windows. Merchandise in the shop windows. Warm rooms. Hot water that always worked. People enjoying the luxury of being rude to each other; of not caring, particularly, about their fellow man. Not an enviable luxury, that—a luxury, just the same. But now, with Mrs. Fairbanks and the children with me I, remembering, am merely grateful that they have warm rooms and clothes to put on and sufficient food. No, home doesn't seem dull to me, but something to be grateful for. Gratitude," said the man who contributed much to making home something we can all be grateful for, "is never a dull emotion."

"As for pictures seeming tame—on the contrary, I am looking forward to making them again with a great sense of excitement. It will be sort of like going, after so long, into something new. A new venture. One I have never tried before. As actual physical work making pictures is, I think," Douglas said, and laughed, "much harder work than the

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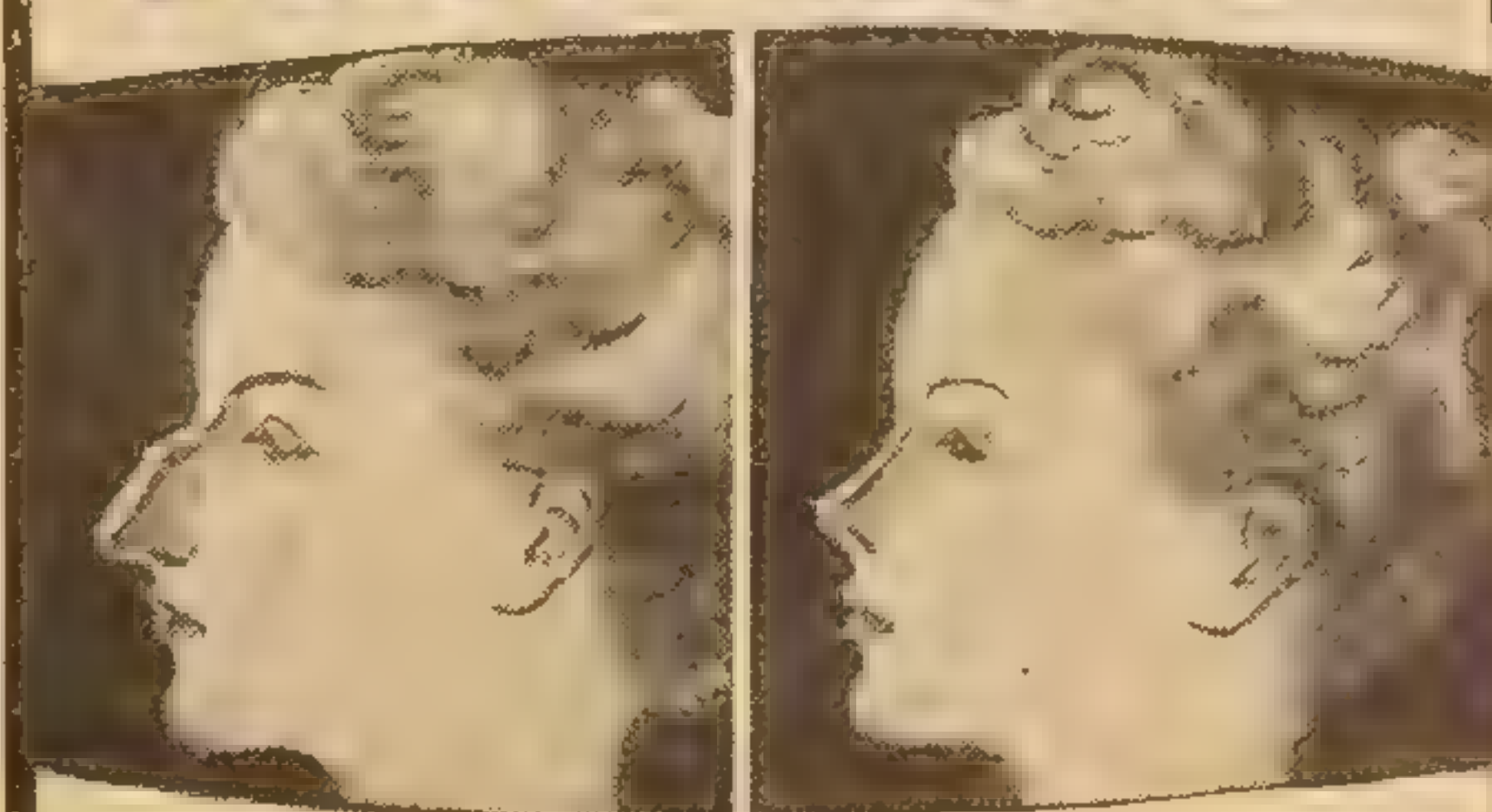
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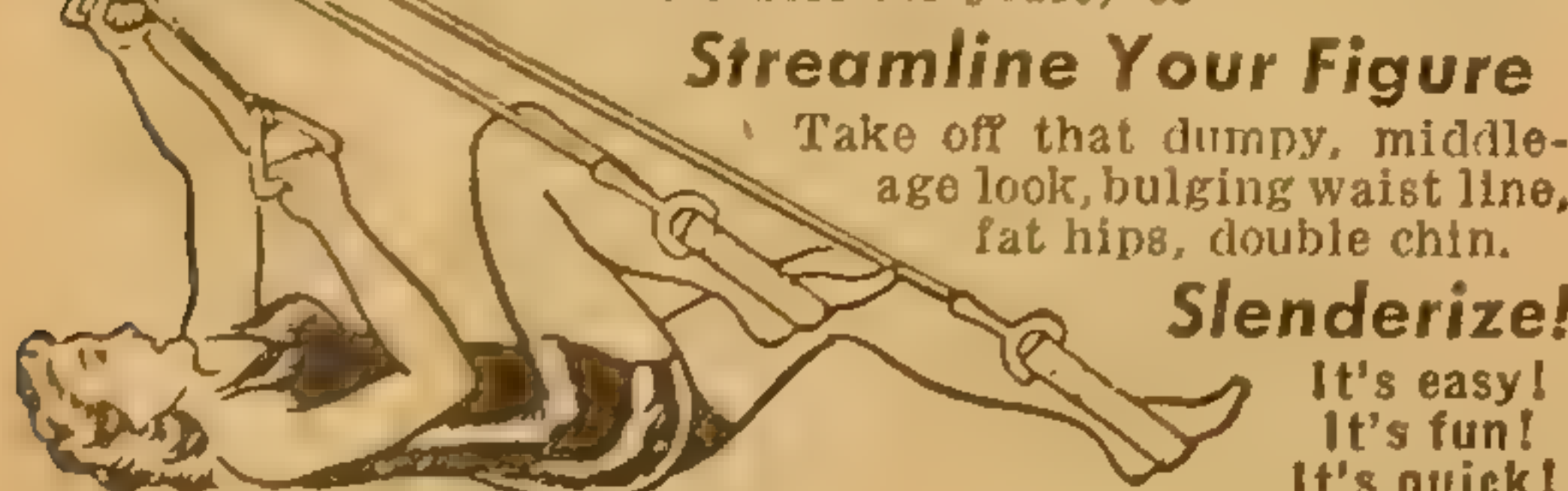


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"Besides, I have plans for forming my own producing company. Still in the formative stage, if and when the plans develop, I will produce three pictures a year, and—"

"—and," I interrupted, "play in them?"

"One with me," Douglas said, "two without me."

"I have several reasons," he went on, "for wanting to produce. One being," he grinned, "that I do not want to blame others for mistakes; want to make my own. Another, and more serious reason is that although I do not intend to produce pictures with a ponderous message—Heaven forbid! I hope to make them sufficiently constructive and universal in appeal so as not to sell this country short."

"For movies, as a whole, have given," Fairbanks said, "a false impression. I am, as I have said, extremely proud of the motion picture profession. I don't know a finer one. Or one that can be more beautifully and far-reachingly constructive. But I do not think movies have done as good a job of giving an accurate picture of our country and of the people who make it tick, as they might. Or a particularly endearing one."

"Parenthetically," Douglas added, "the personal relations job done on the people who make pictures—actors, particularly—has left much to be desired. Must have been, for the popular conception once held of artists, which was that they all had long hair and lived in sin on the Left Bank in Paris is, slightly transposed, the way many people think of motion picture actors today."

"Long aware that we were regarded somewhat like circus freaks, to be enjoyed so long as the children were not mixed up with it, I became clearly aware of the attitude when I first joined the Navy and 'Is this a Navy publicity stunt?' or 'What sort of gag is this?' I'd get from men who, not unfriendly, were merely frankly incredulous that a movie actor could be good for anything but a gag, a job of make-believe, exhibitionism of some Barnum & Bailey sort."

"You sort of had to knock it down," Douglas said. "Do two jobs at once, for a time. Later, after I had been some time at sea, and had done several different jobs, 'Gee, sir, you're a normal fellow,' they would say. 'But,' they would add, 'you are not going back to Hollywood, are you?'—and it was as if they had said, 'You can do something else, can't you, sir? Something better?'"

There was a pause; then, "A pity, that sort of thing," Fairbanks said. "A damned shame."

"Hollywood," he continued, after a

moment, "makes popular pictures, certainly; makes entertaining pictures, which people pay their money to see, and gladly. Many may say, that's good enough. I say *it isn't good enough.* It isn't good enough because it doesn't earn enough respect for a medium which, limitless as it is, is capable of earning, and worthy of earning the universal respect accorded great literature, great painting, great music."

"I believe that people want pictures to be great. The men overseas, so starved for anything that offered them escape, that almost anything went, were still able to differentiate between, so to speak, sense and nonsense. 'My God,' they would groan, 'what a stinker we saw tonight!'—adding, 'but we even like to look at stinkers—out here!' The point being that they knew a stinker when they saw one, even 'out there'—and when you gave them something good, how they could appreciate it!"

"One of the best examples of their good taste and discrimination was when Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne played 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' to, as you know, G.I.'s all over Europe. Now, the G.I.'s you might suppose, as I did, would snort at 'The Barretts,' make fun of it, be bored by it. Oh, no. As an eye-witness, I want to tell you they hung from the rafters when they couldn't get seats. They cheered. They yelled. I never in my life saw more enthusiastic, more keenly appreciative or carefully attentive audiences."

"It is going to be a great adventure," Fairbanks added, with his attractive smile, which is in his eyes, too, "to make pictures again. It will be a great adventure to produce pictures. Some of the pictures I produce will have," he said, "like 'Sinbad the Sailor,' which I am about to make for RKO, something of the flavor of my father's pictures. I hope not imitations but some of the fantasy and adventure. Others will be in," he smiled again, "a quieter vein. Many will make mistakes. But all of them will be done in, let's say, entertainment earnest."

And all will be (want to bet?) News! For whether actor or Commander in the Navy, or in the movies, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, heir to headlines, will be News—heroes always are.



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Paul Bunyan Was a Sissy

Continued from page 45

canny discernment. Every job she held she regarded as a stepping stone. She felt she was going to school and learning every hour of the day. She didn't mind working 20 hours a day for \$30 a week, because she felt she was being paid to go to a highly specialized college.

To begin with, she decided that if she were going to do script, she had to know shorthand. This in itself might have floored Paul Bunyan, since Virginia had no time to go to a regular secretarial school and no money to pay for such a course. Besides, she had the baby to take care of and couldn't just go off and leave her every day. "So I bought myself a shorthand book," says Virginia today, "and turned on the radio. When I got my shorthand down pat, I went to work as a secretary."

Here again, she didn't just go to work as anybody's secretary. She shopped around. She heard of a screen writer who was brilliant and sensitive but with a reputation for being "difficult." She asked for the job as his secretary. "I just 'out-difficulted' him," grins Virginia. "I found he wasn't difficult, really. It was just that he had a great brain and thought quickly. He was impatient with people whose minds didn't click as his did."

The hours were long, the work hard, but Virginia was learning. She worked with him on "Paris Bound," "Holiday," and "Animal Kingdom." Nothing was too much trouble for her to do, because she wanted to learn; not just how a writer wrote a picture, but how that writing was translated into film.

It was a strenuous course. It meant working nights as well as days. It meant very little home life. But after a year and a half Virginia felt she had learned enough to take the Big Step, and she went to Paramount as a writer. She was a top secretary now, and earning \$150 a week. As a writer, her salary was \$30 a week. She still had a mother, a grandmother, a baby and a St. Bernard to support. "And a St. Bernard eats a lot," remembers Virginia. But although the salary cut was drastic, it wasn't a step in the dark. "I knew I was ready," she says. "I had been offered this same job the year before, but I hadn't taken it then because I wasn't ready. This time, it was different."

Virginia's first script, in collaboration with another writer, was "Pursuit of Happiness" with Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett. This was in 1934, and the picture was an instantaneous hit. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was so pleased with the picture's success that he took a look at Virginia and said: "Well! Look what we have here!" And from then on, he gave her writing assignments, without benefit of collaborators.

Her first success was no fluke. It was followed by "Swing High, Swing Low," one of Carole Lombard's biggest pictures, and a box office hit. As a matter of fact, Virginia's nine years at Paramount were regularly punctuated with hits. She wrote

what she refers to as the Madeleine Carroll cycle, one of which was Virginia's first original screen play, "Cafe Society." Another was "Virginia" in which was cast an unknown boy, Stirling Hayden, and overnight he was a sensation. But of the pictures during her years at Paramount, "My American Wife" is etched the most clearly on her memory. "I met my husband, Ralph Nelson, on that picture. On location," she adds, grinning, "so now we always go on location together because we know what can happen!"

Then Virginia's life, full and bursting at the seams for years, really overflowed. She was happy, successful, beloved. One after another her pictures rang the bell at the box office. And yet, deep inside, something began to nag her subconscious. She would write a scene with loving care but too often by the time it got to the screen, it would not be as she had visualized it. Between the writing and the finished product something happened. Right about then, Virginia began to think that if she produced pictures, as well as wrote them, the words would be translated on the screen as she had originally intended. Perhaps she wasn't yet conscious of these thoughts, but they were there.

Strangely, just about that time, Virginia began to be unhappy at Paramount. "I didn't like it there any more," she admits. "There had been a change of regime, for one thing. For another, I had been in one spot too long. An association like that is much closer and more exhausting than a marriage. You get so you just can't stand it any longer. So I left Paramount in 1942. It was one of those mutual agreement things, because, believe me, there is nothing more useless than an unhappy writer. I was still working fiendish hours. I was deathly tired. It was about time for me to have a nervous breakdown—so I did!"

Virginia was in the hospital for seven weeks. Her doctor was very grave. "You'll have to take a year off and rest," he told her soberly. "You'd better plan your activities accordingly." He said that although her condition was nothing to worry about if she followed his advice, it could be if she didn't. Virginia, who had been working all her life, was not daunted by this grim news. To the contrary, she was looking forward to her first vacation with real pleasure. She lay in her hospital bed and heaved a wonderful, comfortable sigh. Sure, she had a large family to take care of, but the burden was eased now. "I have a husband who can do it for me," she thought happily.

"So I leaned back on my pillows," grins Virginia, "and planned my easy, lazy year ahead. You know? Seashore, cabin in the mountains, the works! I was building wonderful castles and even furnishing them when my husband came in, beaming like a Chessie cat. He said: 'Honey, they took me!' He meant the Army. Five days later I was working at

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The moral here, of course, should be that Virginia folded up like an accordion and had to be carried out of Columbia on a stretcher. Instead, she thrived. She wrote "Cover Girl," which was such a re-sounding success that Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures, upped her to producer.

Virginia didn't ask for the new job. It just came to her. As always, her habit of doing more than she is paid to do paid off. When she was secretary to that first writer and he was ill or stymied, she could see no reason for not pitching in and writing—even if she was paid to be just a secretary. Right down the line, this was true. She was script girl and a cutter on her early pictures, a tough 20-hour-a-day job, but she was learning. On "Cover Girl" she was also doing more than she was hired to do. It gave Mr. Harry Cohn the idea that perhaps she could do a whole picture from start to finish.

It was then that Virginia began to experience real satisfaction. She saw her imagination come to life on the screen, and it was a thrilling thing. "My only interest in producing is to have freedom as a writer," she maintains. "If it is bad, it is my own fault and my own thing. If it is good, it is the same. The only reason I take on the added work of being a producer is because it allows me to function fully."

"To function fully" means that even today, when perhaps she should be resting on her laurels, she is still doing a double job. For one thing, her pictures are too close together to allow time to write them in advance. Instead, she stays on the set all day to see that each scene is photographed as she intended and then goes home and writes all night. She writes the script as she goes along, about five days in advance of the shooting schedule.

It's a great tribute to her that although stars generally won't agree to do a picture until they have read the completed script, Virginia has never had the slightest difficulty in getting top stars to work for her. They seem to feel that if Virginia Van Upp is writing and producing the picture, there's nothing for them to worry about.

As a matter of fact, Virginia breaks many traditions. She doesn't demand peace and quiet when she "creates," for she actually writes better in the midst of confusion. "Isn't it funny?" she asks. "I love noise, people talking, distraction. When I get to a point where I can't think any more, I say to someone, 'Let's play bridge.' Then, when I'm dummy, I write. By the time I'm through the bridge game, the writing is finished too. At Paramount, I had a radio on my desk. I didn't hear it, but it made a racket and I was happy."

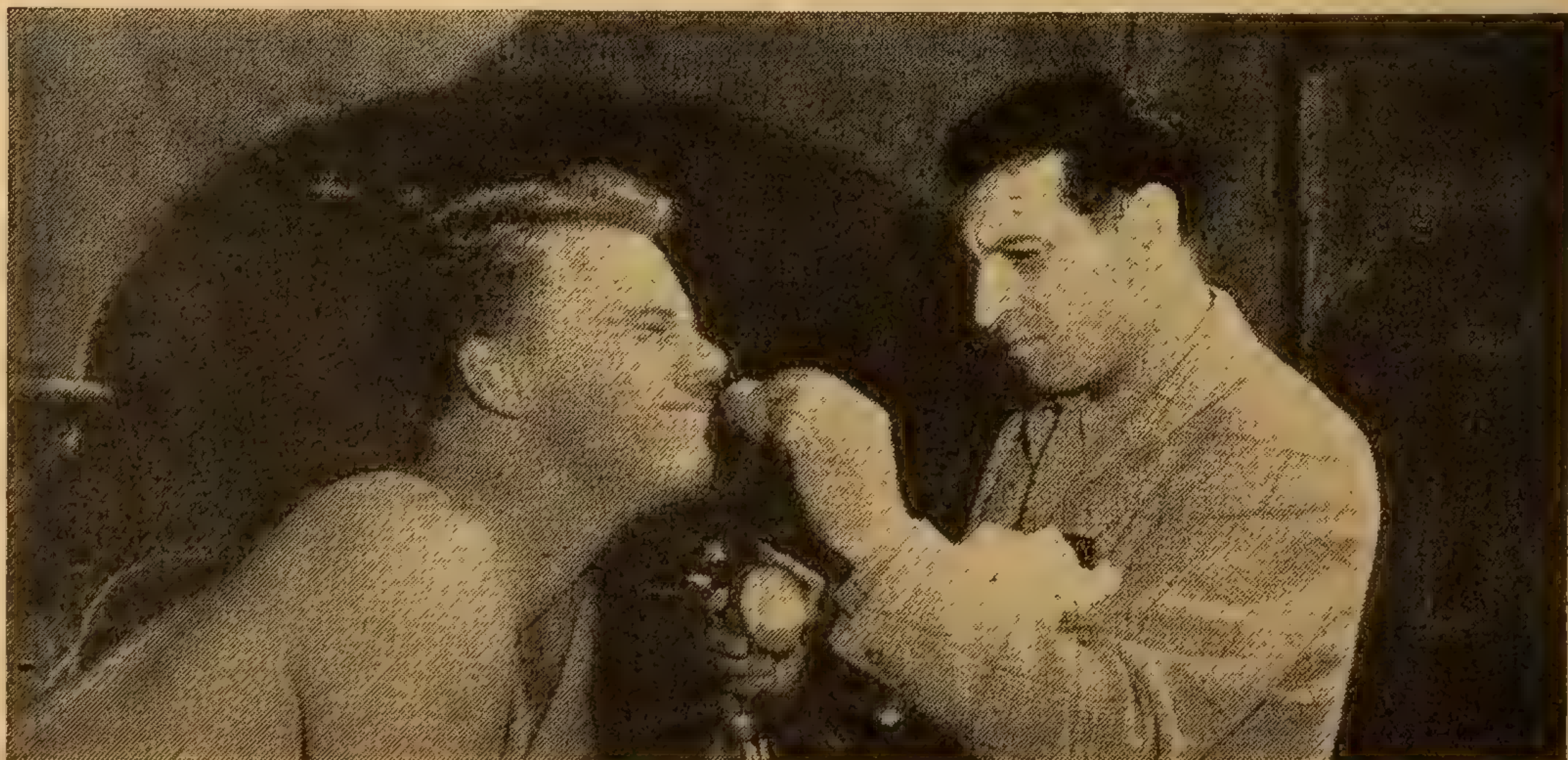
Writing nights, producing days, it would seem that Virginia would not have much home life. But it is a richly rewarding thing that her whole family is intensely interested in the picture business.

Her mother, says Virginia, has been the motivating force of her life. "Mother's understanding is wonderful: warm, analytical, helpful." Virginia's husband is now associated with her in the production of her pictures. In speaking of her daughter Gay's beauty and talent, Virginia beams: "She is my best production!"

At home, there is not a technical phrase which Virginia might use that is not understood by her family. They are all interested in the big business that is Hollywood. They all have businesslike little desks; all, that is, except Virginia, the writer. She doesn't have a desk or a typewriter; she likes to write in bed with a pencil. The St. Bernard is in dog heaven now, along with two Great Danes who followed him; but, despite this gap in the circle, Virginia's family is still the alpha and omega of her existence.

So much so that recently she was quite deflated by the reaction of her two little nieces to her success. Virginia had just been promoted from producer to executive producer. This meant that in addition to being responsible for her own pictures, she would also supervise all production at Columbia. Her family was discussing the promotion, with loving pride.

Not so, her nieces. They looked her over carefully, weighing what they had heard pro and con. Finally, they spoke, disparagingly. "Yes, but you didn't write 'Going My Way', did you?" they asked. Whereupon they turned stolid little backs on Virginia and marched accusingly out of the room.



Van Johnson squints while the makeup artist deftly removes that shine from his nose just before the swimming pool scene with Esther Williams in "Easy to Wed."

Harold Lloyd Never Retired

Continued from page 53

from the lowly extra ranks to the heights of cinema fame.

He was born in a place called Burdard, Nebraska, the son of J. Darsie and Elizabeth Lloyd. His father was a salesman, his mother a leader in the community, active in clubs and civic affairs. Harold probably inherited some of his mother's penchant for clubs, because he is active in a number of social and business organizations. In fact, he is a member of the Imperial Divan of the Shriners and in about four years will automatically become the Imperial Potentate. While Harold was growing up he moved with his parents to other such communities as Beatrice, Pawnee City and Omaha, and it was in the latter city that Lloyd's career began when he was a little more than 12 years of age.

John Lane Connor was the leading man with the Burwood Stock company, and he solicited Harold for the rôle of *Little Abe* in a dramatization of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of D'Urbervilles," a grim piece of business far removed from the comedy vehicles that later were to make him famous. But the upshot was that young Harold did all right by himself as an embryo *Hamlet* and other parts followed.

Harold not only impressed Connor, his parents likewise felt he had a chance in the theater. So in 1913, when the elder Lloyd was awarded \$2,000 in an accident damage suit, Harold's parents decided it would be a good investment to back their young thespian hopeful in an acting career. He was sent to the Connors' dramatic school in San Diego, Calif., instead of to New York to buck the Great White Way.

In San Diego, Harold attended high school, studied with and assisted Connor, and helped his father in the combination restaurant and billiard parlor which provided the family with an income. He got his first film job as an extra, playing an Indian, when the Edison company went to San Diego to film location scenes in Balboa Park.

Later, when the going got tough in San Diego after he had toured California in stock, Harold decided to make a try at pictures. But he didn't find it easy bedding. He couldn't even get by the studio gatemen for a long time. But one day, as he was standing outside the old Universal lot, he noticed that at noon-time the extras got by the portals with no trouble at all because they were wearing makeup. This gave him a brainstorm, because during his stock company days he had become very proficient with powder and grease paint. The next day he arrived with a makeup kit, ducked behind a sign-board and daubed himself up properly, and after lunch ambled inside. He was promptly accepted as an extra, because the rules weren't as strict in those days, and before long he was working fairly regularly.

One day, on the set of "Samson and Delilah," he met a young fellow by the name of Hal Roach, who confided he had ambitions to become a producer.

They became friends, and later when Roach inherited several thousands of dollars he signed Harold to do leads and comedy rôles for his two-reel pictures.

Harold's first comedy character was *Willie Work*, a nondescript fellow with a cat-like mustache, baggy pants, broad-shouldered coat and tiny hat. From that he developed *Lonesome Luke*, who became such a hit that Roach and Harold both were in the chips. Pathe asked for all the pictures they could make. Harold made a lot of *Lukes* during the next few years, but he felt he was getting into a rut by being so thoroughly typed. He brooded about this until he hit on the idea of just being himself with the addition of a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

The horn-rimmed spectacles became famous all over the world. So did Harold. He was soon starring in two-reel comedies that were billed as costing all of \$125,000, which means they were probably made for half that much according to Hollywood standards, then and now. From then on his success was measured by reels, as he was graduated first to three, then to four, and then finally to a full-length eight-reeler titled "Grandma's Boy," which veteran Lloyd fans will never forget. This successful venture is still considered a milestone in the motion picture industry. It proved that comedy was not only here to stay, even in eight reels, but that it was also darn popular. The same veteran fans who remember Lloyd's "Grandma's Boy" also recall the succession of hits that followed, such as "Safety Last," "The Freshman," "Girl Shy" and others. They also know that their favorite wasn't in the least disconcerted when sound came in and that he went on in a steady climb to make "The Cat's Paw," "The Milky Way," and "Professor Beware," which really put him on top.

"During these years," he told me, "there wasn't too much variety in my work. I did the same character over and over, and this is probably the reason why I started taking off more time from my acting. In 1938 I felt I had reached the end of my rope unless I at least found a different type of story, but that yarn just didn't show up. In 1941, though, I did take a flier at producing a couple of pictures for RKO, but I wasn't interested in working before the camera because there were no parts in them for me."

That just about brings Harold up to date, or at least up to "Diddlebock." And on that subject he has plenty to say that will be of interest to both the older fans and the ones he will be picking up among the younger generation. "I'm doing the same old thing I always did," he told me, "the same old character, but with finesse. The finesse, I might add, comes largely through the Sturges dialogue, but the comedy I'm doing isn't quite so broad as it used to be, and the gags are more underplayed."

During a break in shooting he took

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me to a projection room to show me what he meant, and if the public doesn't howl over the antics of the new Lloyd I'll eat my Sunday fedora.

"Before," Harold pointed out, "the characters I did never stopped long enough to become disassociated from the gag. We used to feel that each succeeding piece of business had to top what went before, but in 'Diddlebock' I'm playing a definite character on which the story itself depends."

There just couldn't be a Lloyd picture without a tall building and a danger scene, of course, and in "Diddlebock" I think the comedian has risked his neck more in the actual filming than ever before. On the sound stage where we did most of our interview there rose before us the façade of a three-story building, and I assure you I got more of a thrill out of watching them film the scene on the ledge of that building than I did later when I saw the same scene in the projection room.

Fans will get an added thrill, too, in knowing that the comedian was really three stories up when he chased the lion, Jackie, around the top of the building. And when he hung from the chain around Jackie's neck it looked to me as though Harold was really earning his money that day. The actor's wife, Mildred, was on the set just before the lion scene was shot but she didn't stick around to see them put on celluloid.

I asked Roy Brooks, Harold's long-time friend, what Mrs. Lloyd thought or said about her husband doing such gags and he replied, "Oh, I suppose she's become philosophical about them by now, but I do know she worries. She never says anything to him, though, because she knows he knows what he wants and she doesn't interfere."

It struck me that this attitude on the part of Mrs. Lloyd is doubtless one of the main reasons why their marriage has become one of classic contentment in Hollywood, where so many marital bonds snap for one reason or another. Mrs. Lloyd also understands Harold's business thoroughly and is therefore a sympathetic mate. She was the former Mildred Davis and she was his leading lady for five years before she married

him back in 1923. That means they have had 22 years of domestic happiness.

They have three children, Gloria, 19; Peggy, 18, and Harold, Jr., 14, who feel their parents come pretty close to being ideal. "Some mothers and fathers in show business try to keep their children from following in their footsteps," Harold told me, "but we are not going to try to influence ours one way or another. I believe in letting them go in whatever direction their talents lead them and Mildred agrees. Our daughter, Gloria, for example, is already studying to be an actress, and our 14-year-old son is determined to have an acting career. I'm going to do everything I can to help them both."

The Lloyds live on a 23-acre estate in Benedict Canyon in the Beverly Hills district and they are really a close-knit family unit. The place includes a swimming pool, tennis and badminton courts, extensive gardens and also a private golf course. "We haven't been doing any golfing out there since before the war," Harold told me, "because we haven't been able to get gardeners and as healthy as I feel I wouldn't tackle a mowing job like that, not even with an automatic machine."

The actor wasn't trying to impress me with his fine state of health. I learned later from Brooks that Harold is unusually vigorous for his age. "He doesn't drink or smoke and until the past year he never touched coffee. Among his athletic feats is the practice of swimming the length of his 80-foot pool under water. Being such a frugal person, he has often said that he could live as well on a hundred dollars a week as he does on his present income from investments."

"One of my biggest problems will show you how simple my life is," Harold had previously told me. "The problem is that I have a very hard time trying to find a cook who knows how to prepare fried chicken, my favorite dish. As soon as a new cook finds out I like this delicacy she goes all out trying to make it as fancy as possible. None of them ever seems to learn that I like it just plain. Why, we even had one cook who fixed it with mustard in the belief that she was going to enchant my appetite."

Speaking of eating, meal-time at the Lloyd home presents a very quaint picture. Every member of the Lloyd household, even to the housekeeper, Clementine, has a dog. Harold heads the list with a great Dane, his wife has a champagne-colored cocker, and Peggy and Harold, Jr., both have black cockers. Gloria brings up the rear in the immediate family with a Pekinese, and Clementine, who has been with the family for ten years and is allowed unusual privileges, also has a black and white cocker. Anyway, when the Lloyds gather around the board their respective pooches take places on the floor along side their master or mistress, as the case may be, and remain there throughout the meal. "We have an ironclad rule that no one is to slip food to the dogs during meals," Harold laughed. "But you know, it's a funny thing. The animals never seem to have any appetite

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Stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria, the Walter Pidgeons pose for the cameraman on their recent trip to New York. They came prepared for rain—note umbrella in corner.

when they are served later outside."

Although each member of the family claims ownership of an individual dog, the canines apparently have sized up the situation for themselves and have decided that Harold is master of the manse. It is a common sight to see Harold walking around the place with the whole pack at his heels, frisking and barking. And as soon as they hear anyone astir in the house in the morning they demand entrance and make a mad dash for his room. Whenever the master has been out a little later than usual at night he always leaves a note to Clementine not to let the dogs in until at least 10 o'clock in the morning, because he knows that as soon as they have been admitted there will be no more sleep for him.

During the several years Harold was off the screen he was by no means an idle man, and his time was not taken up entirely by his hobbies, either. Among other things he is President of the Beverly Hills Chamber of Commerce, he is a very active music patron and heads a committee that has been working assiduously for some time to establish a season in Beverly Hills for the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra, he is one of the chief leaders of the Sister Kenny Foundation in Southern California and he is constantly on the go with his charitable work in connection with the Shriners.

Whether his wife or children are in the mood or not Harold himself sees movies at least twice a week, often having films sent to the house to be shown in the private projection room. He is practically allergic to nightclubs and he and his wife have never been very active in the Hollywood social swim. Neither do they entertain much at home. Another "must" on his sched-

ule is a yearly visit to New York to see the shows. Yes, you guessed it. Each time he makes the trek eastward he has the hope of finding an ideal screen property for himself.

Once Harold was literally a glutton for sports, dividing his interests among bowling, tennis, golf and swimming, occasionally staging a private golf tournament on his course after which he delighted in handing out costly prizes. But in recent years he has limited himself to bowling, which he clings to faithfully. To give you an idea of what an enthusiastic kegler he is, he is even part owner of a Santa Monica alley, where he can often be found.

His hobbies include painting in oils, collections of books on entomology, archeology, painting, sculpture and orthology; a huge collection of microscopes, and a squadron of old automobiles, none of which he ever trades in when he buys a new car. His current most popular vehicle is a pre-war station wagon of low-cost make. He is also a well-known amateur magician and as soon as he completed "Diddlebock" he was off on one of his tours to Army hospitals to entertain convalescing servicemen.

After he had listed all these activities to me I told him I could understand why he took so long between pictures. "No, it's not that at all," he said. "I would be just as happy if I could make at least one good picture a year. But even if 'Diddlebock' should be an overwhelming hit at the box office I won't make another picture until the ideal script comes along. I may be doing my next one with a long beard and creaky joints, but I'll wait until the right story shows up. And in the meantime I'd like to make this clear. I'm not retiring, and I'll never make a comeback!"

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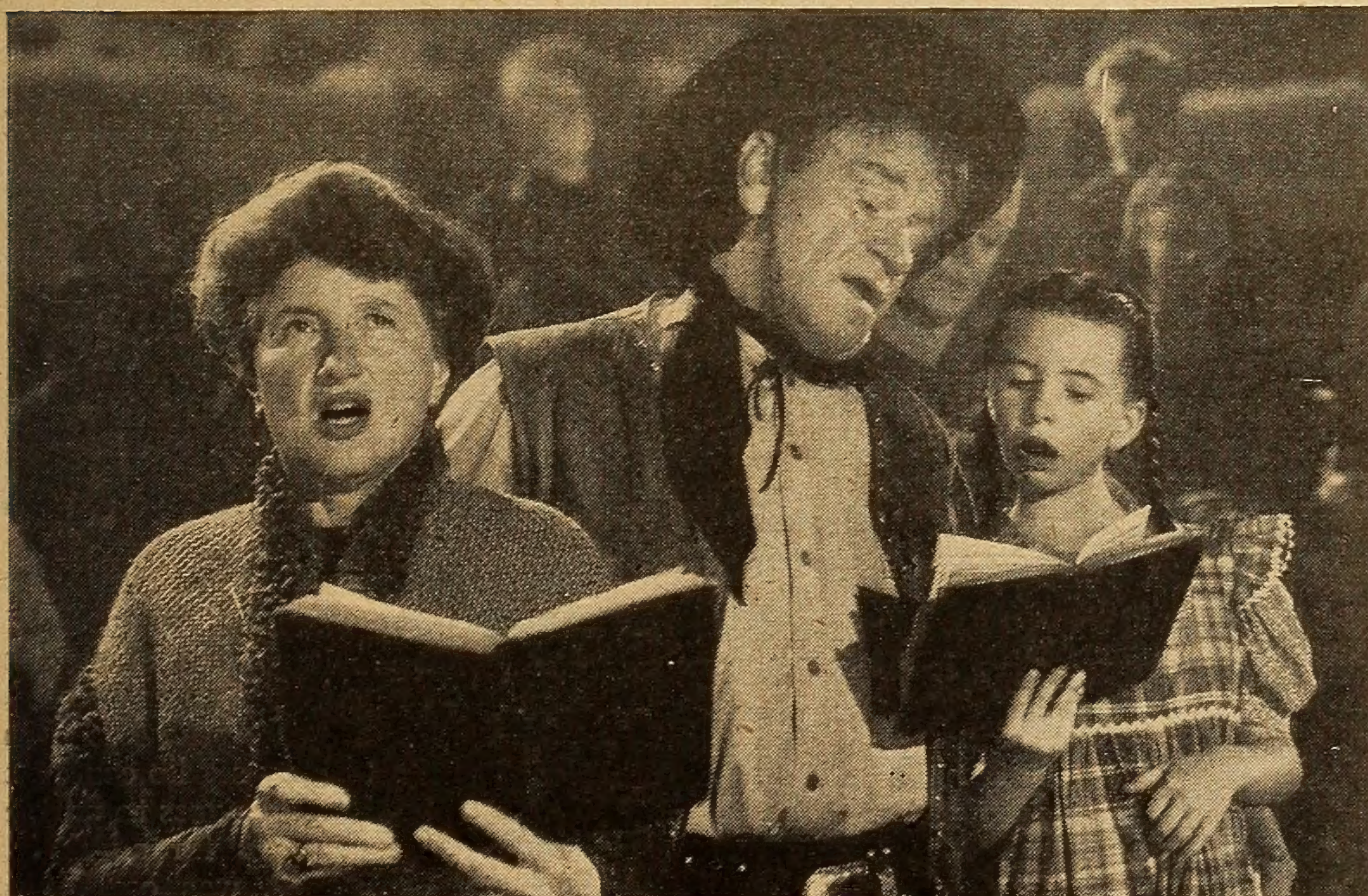
New crop of films presents the West, both old and new

Dana Andrews and Susan Hayward depict two courageous pioneer settlers in Ernest Haycox story, "Canyon Passage," for Universal. Below, Fred MacMurray and Anne Baxter take a flier in 20th Century-Fox's Western, "Smoky."

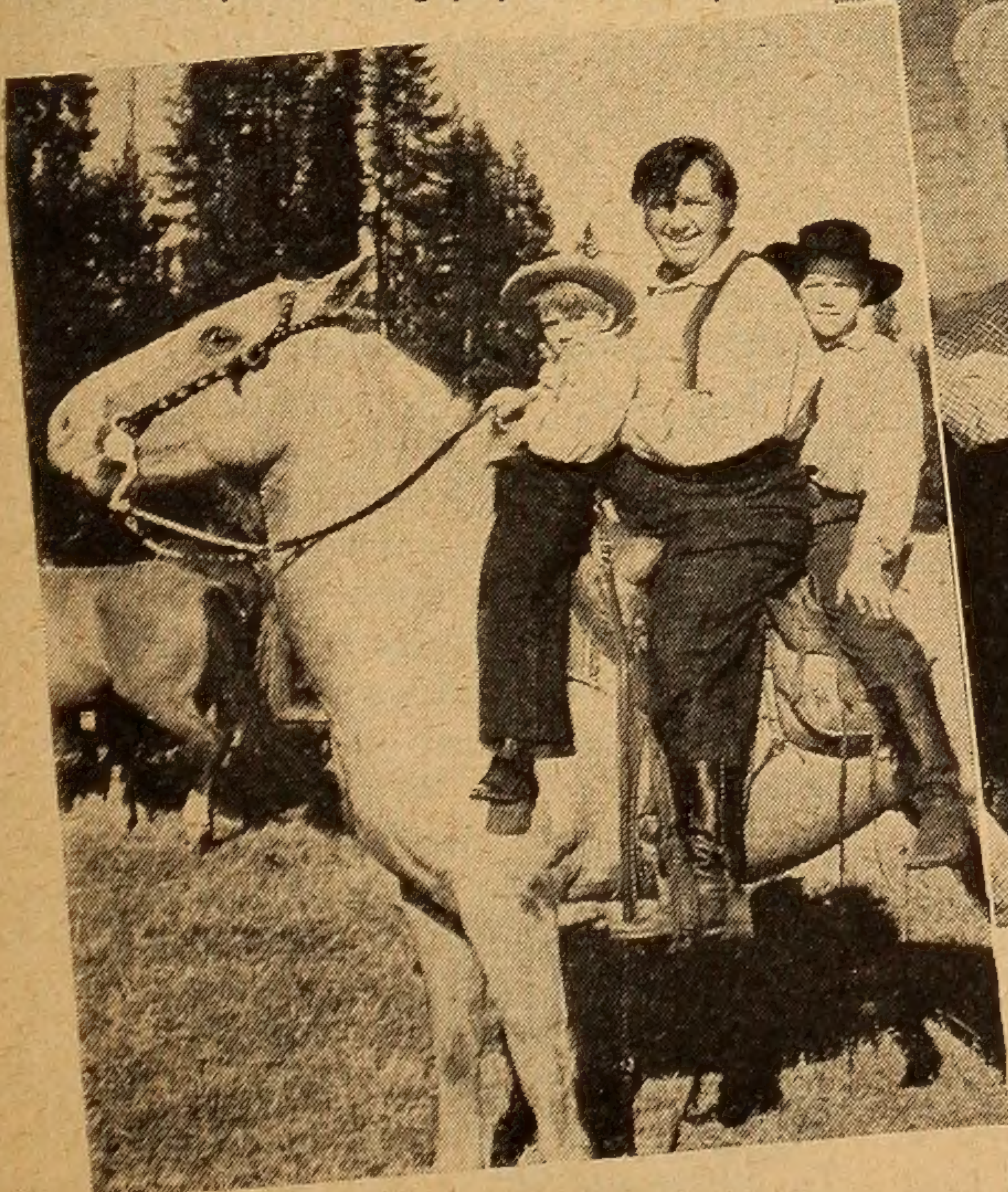




Margaret O'Brien joins the horse opera brigade, co-starring with Wallace Beery in MGM's "Bad Bascomb," the saga of a Western outlaw. Below, in song-fest with Marjorie Main, as another hardy member of Utah-bound caravan of pioneer days.



Playing with their father, Andy Devine, in "Canyon Passage" are Dennie and Tad, two fine boys following papa's footsteps.



The new Western film would not be complete without a singing cowboy dolled up in fancy clothes. Above, Roy Rogers and George "Gabby" Hayes in a scene from Republic's "Song of Arizona."

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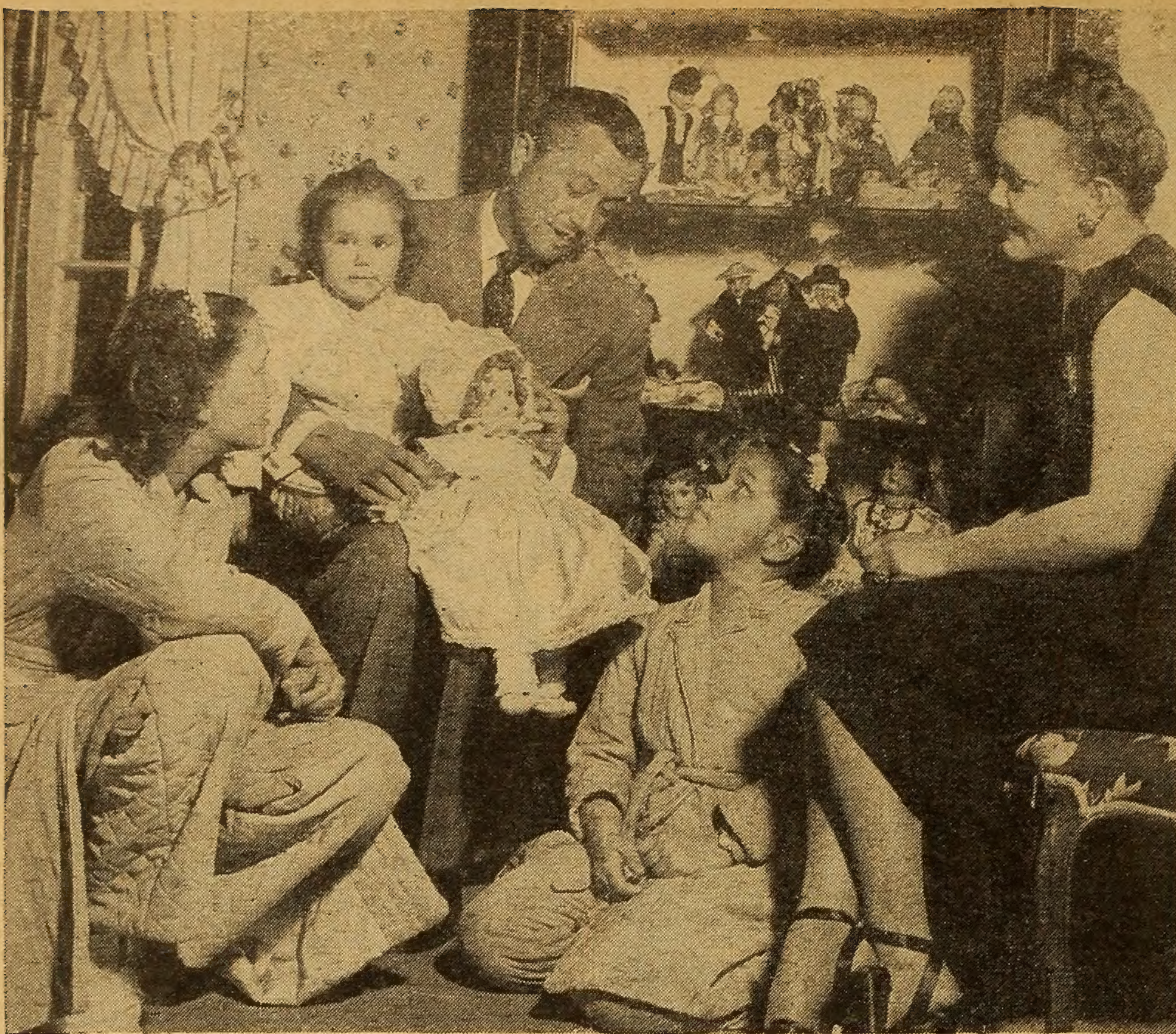
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The Young family group is shown here with the children's interesting doll collection, while Papa Young makes up a good bedtime story to put Youngsters to sleep.

Girl Crazy

Continued from page 35

Youngs for weeks—consultations regarding choice of materials, styles and accessories — debates on whether her hair should be pinned back behind her ears or allowed to swing loose as usual—a crisis when suitable slippers could not be found in any of the local shops.

Came the big night and Bob plunked himself down in a large wing chair facing the stairway his daughter would descend. "I could hardly believe my eyes. I never saw anyone look so beautiful," says the star who has made love cinematically to some of the world's loveliest women.

"Like me, dad?" asked Carol Anne, twirling to give him the full benefit of wide, white net skirt, hooded satin cape and borrowed slippers to match.

"Like you!" exclaimed Bob. "The rest of the girls won't stand a chance. The boys will be dazzled!"

He could scarcely wait for her to return from the dance. "How'd you do?" he asked, almost before she could get through the front door.

Carol Anne shook her head woefully. "It was terrible. The bus that was bringing the boys broke down. There wasn't anyone to dazzle."

"You mean all that glory was wasted?"

Starting a waltz on the victrola, he bowed from the waist as decorously as any prize dancing pupil, and off they glided, circling the large living room—six-foot papa and his five-foot daughter—round and round they went, with Carol Anne's head lifting, her cheeks a-bloom with excitement. "Thanks, dad," she whispered, sighing happily when it was over. "I'll never forget this evening—it was perfect."

They share many jokes and secrets, these two. "She calls me 'Transportation.' It's all in fun, of course." Maybe so, but members of the cast of RKO's "Lady Luck" thought otherwise. Bob's daily errands were the subject of plenty of ribbing on the set. There was a five o'clock ritual when his co-workers would surround him and chant: "We know—you'd like to get through on time. Carol Anne is at the piano teacher's, Barbara is at a Brownies' meeting, and Betty Lou is at nursery school. And they are all waiting for you to pick them up."

Oh, for the life of a glamorous movie star!

Bob takes his paternal responsibilities seriously, particularly the education of his children. "Sometimes I worry too much, but Betty sets me straight." He remembers Parents' Day at a progressive school Barbara attended when she was five. Betty and Bob lined up with the rest of the mamas and papas while symphonic music was played for the children. Afterward the moppets were asked to paint pictures of whatever the music had suggested to them. Results were crude, but fanciful — castles, princesses and dragons. Bob was delighted until he saw what Barbara had produced, a commonplace house with a tree and people in front of it.

"Hasn't much imagination, has she," he commented to his wife. Next moment he was further horrified at the sight of Barbara washing over the entire picture with blue paint. "If you want to paint another picture why don't you take a fresh sheet of paper?" he whispered desperately, wondering whether he was rais-

ing a moron. "But daddy," his daughter replied soulfully, "don't you see what's happening? My house and family is getting drowned."

"Did you say 'no imagination'?" asked Betty Young wickedly.

The fact that they haven't a son does not mean Betty and Bob did not concentrate on the project. With the first-born, there was no thought of preference. During the ensuing four years, however, they thought of little else. Like any superstitious Irishman, Bob attempted to influence the fates by constantly referring to his future child as "Max." When "Max" turned out to be a girl they hastily renamed her Barbara Queen. For the next six years "Oscar" was the boy they talked about, although mama thought he should be named for his dad, Robert George, Jr. Bob agreed, with the condition if the new baby was another girl she be named Betty Lou, Jr., after her ma. Betty Lou was two years old before the fourth offspring arrived. In the meantime Bob tried to figure where he had slipped up. "I've got it!" he declared finally. "This baby will have the fanciest, most feminine prenatal monicker I can dream up. That'll bring a boy for sure. What do you think of Daphne Ophelia?"

"All I can say, if our fourth baby is a girl, we had better call it 'Quits,'" retorted Betty Young.

Enjoying a feminine prerogative Kathleen Joy arrived two weeks late. Then the ribs commenced. Eddie Cantor's message was the shortest and cutest. "Copy cat!" was all he wired. To which Bob promptly replied, "One more girl and I will have my own radio show, too."

Observes Bob, "The most wonderful change has come over Hollywood in the last ten years. When I first started in pictures, way back in '32, an actor could not marry without feeling he has jeopardized his career. Many studio contracts contained 'no marriage' clauses to protect the star's popularity. As for admitting he had a family, that was considered positively hazardous. Today the majority of stars are mamas and papas who spend their evenings at 'wild' Hollywood parties swapping snapshots and anecdotes about their kiddies far into the night."

Bob surveys his brood with smug approval. "Aren't they cute?" he beams. Even tiny Kathleen Joy is glamor-conscious, sporting a golden identification bracelet, lace-trimmed panties and an infinitesimal pink bow in her hair to match her dainty sweater.

"I'm afraid Betty is right about calling it 'Quits,'" observes Bob. "There just isn't room in the house for another crib. Anyway, I'm pretty tired of pacing those long hospital corridors. Being an expectant father four times is enough for any man. I'm entitled to a rest."

"I wouldn't count on it if I were you," retorts his wife. "With four daughters you'll be pacing corridors every time they have a baby. And if heredity means anything they are likely to have four daughters each, which makes sixteen. And if they have daughters in turn—"

Bob has had enough. With a howl he flees from the room and out of the house. In his wake trails the sound of sweet girlish laughter.



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